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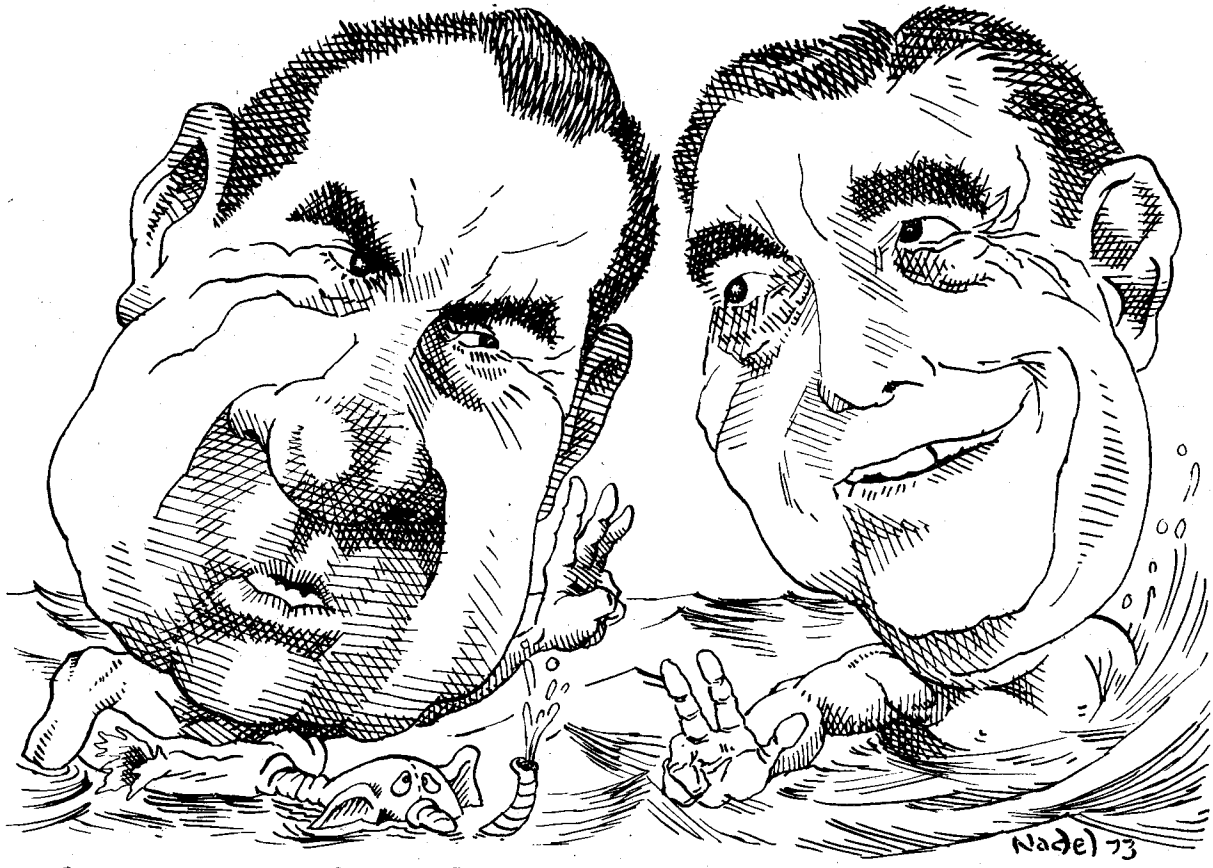
THE NATION

NOVEMBER 12, 1973 50 cents

Happy Days on Key Biscayne



Bebe and Dick on a Houseboat

William Amlong

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In Israel: Warriors Sick of War
Herbert Krosney

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LETTERS

for impeachment

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I have today sent the following letter to my Congressman:

"If this President can defy court orders, if he can cover up violations of law by others, if he can obstruct the vigorous and fearless pursuit of justice, then he *and all future Presidents* will have unlimited power to rule as they wish.

"The lawless leader of a lawless Administration has threatened 197 years of the rule of the law. He presents us with risks we must not take.

"I urge you to initiate or support all necessary procedures for impeachment." *Peter L. Bernstein*

no watchdog

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In "The Smith Who Knew Nixon: 'Mr. San Diego Is in Trouble'" [*The Nation*, Sept. 24], Alice Marquis states that C. Arnholt Smith of San Diego contributed to my 1970 campaign. That is true. She also, however, identifies me as "the state's chief overseer of corporations." That is not true. . . .

This office has no "watchdog" function with respect to California corporations. The State Corporate Security Act imposes that responsibility on the California Corporations Commissioner (Sec. 25530 and 25531) and provides that he has authority to investigate and shall refer evidence of any violation of the law to the "District Attorney of the county in which the violation occurred [for] . . . appropriate criminal proceedings. . . ." (Sec. 25533)

I am informed by the State Corporations Commissioner that he avoids duplicating federal investigative activity wherever possible and has not undertaken any investigation involving Mr. Smith.

Evelle J. Younger, Attorney General

Dolci visit

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Danilo Dolci's lecture tour a year ago stimulated great interest in many colleges and communities. Mr. Dolci will return to the United States for a tour which will begin on February 15 and end on March 15, 1974. He is a spokesman and practitioner of nonviolent action for social change whose work among the poor in Sicily has attracted worldwide attention and earned him a Nobel Peace Prize nomination.

His forthcoming tour is tentatively planned to take him first to the Midwest and Far West, and then to the West Coast toward the last week or ten days; groups who might arrange a visit from Mr. Dolci should keep these arrangements in mind. Those who wish to discuss a lecture or seminar appearance should contact Ms. Joan Crowell, 226½ East 62nd St., New York, N.Y. 10021; telephone 212-755-6064. All funds raised on these tours go to support Dolci's work in Italy. *Sumner M. Rosen*

misplaced quotation mark

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: In my Sept. 3rd article, "Chavez and the Farm Workers: 'We Have Our Patience,'" Ray Stanford was quoted as saying: "Oh, the work went along O.K. but we didn't get *our* people. In hiring halls jobs are distributed on the basis of union seniority. Growers don't always get the same workers. The effect is to break down paternalism." The quotation should have ended with "people," and I had no intention of putting words in Mr. Stanford's mouth.

J.B. Lieber

EDITORIALS

The Alert

Secretary of State Kissinger, General Haig and the President himself have been upset by questions which implied that domestic political considerations may have influenced the way in which the nine-hour Grade 3 alert —the first in ten years—was handled. But their sense of outrage and injury need not be taken too seriously. No one doubts that a tense situation did in fact exist. The President's critics do not charge that he invented the crisis, but that he overplayed it in an effort to darken and enlarge the headlines. Entrapment of the Egyptian Third Army was completed after the Monday cease-fire and the Soviets concluded that they had to make a sudden and dramatic move by way of restraining the Israelis and of inducing us to put pressure on them. So some Russian airborne divisions were placed on "high alert" and some air transport planes transferred to places where these troops were assembled. These actions were well-advertised but there were no actual troop movements and, apparently, no overt hostilities.

Such moves—similar to our mining of the harbor of Haiphong—constitute a barbaric mode of communication and are extremely dangerous because they can be misunderstood. But they are not uncommon in the era of brinkmanship initiated by the late John Foster Dulles. The content of the notes and messages exchanged between Moscow and Washington is not known, nor are the intelligence reports, so it is difficult to determine whether the President and his "crisis managers" read the signs and signals correctly or whether there was, as Kissinger conceded, perhaps a misassessment of Soviet intentions. But obviously there was cause for some concern.

But the immediate issue relates to the way in which this concern was registered and the manner in which it was presented to the public. Kissinger deliberately downgraded the U.S. alert; it was not another Cuban missile crisis. Defense Secretary Schlesinger described it as "precautionary," an "intermediary" measure, and added: "we are very far from a confrontation." General Haig said that the potential for a major confrontation existed. But that is *not* how the President characterized the crisis nor does his rhetoric match theirs. The Soviets were planning, he said, to send a very substantial force to the Mideast—a military force. "It was a real crisis. It was the most difficult crisis we've had since the Cuban confrontation of 1962." It was because Brezhnev knew him—and had taken his measure as a man—that the Soviets decided to cool it. Instead of the Soviet leader thinking that the President had been weakened by Watergate, he remembered how resolutely Mr. Nixon had acted during the bombing of Cambodia.

This Presidential muscle-flexing in retrospect is quite at variance with reports issued from the White House before the alert, to the effect that the Soviets had encouraged the Egyptians to attack because of the President's Watergate difficulties. These stories carried an ugly overtone; by inference, the President's critics were told to shut up. "National security," a phrase which the President has

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debased beyond recognition, required them to muffle their criticism or risk being smeared as cat's-paws of the Soviets.

Circulation of such stories would not justify the charge that Nixon deliberately fomented the crisis in order to create a diversion. But that was not the charge. The thrust of the criticism was that the President had inflated the crisis, overreacted to it, and had overemphasized his personal role, all with the domestic political situation in mind. Of course, the President—any President—needs a "minimum of confidence" to act in a grave emergency, but he cannot reasonably expect to retain that degree of confidence—or to have it suddenly flow back to him in a crisis—if he has previously forfeited it. By acting as he did, Nixon managed to undermine still further public confidence in his leadership, both at home and abroad. The Europeans complained that they had not been consulted, but the President then added to their annoyance by charging that they had not fully supported him in his most heroic hour since his last most heroic hour. What the President has done is to "alert" our European allies and the American people to the dangers implicit in his erratic leadership, with all its zigs and zags, its posturing, its gamesmanship, and his disposition to pose as the toughest statesman of them all, John Foster Dulles included.

Confrontation in Washington

The President managed to avoid a confrontation with the Russians in the Middle East, but he deliberately sought one with the press in Washington. He walked into his latest press conference determined to use the press once again as a scapegoat. Not so much the newspapers this time; they had been the target of the disastrous California confrontation in 1962, when he had been moved to say "thank God" for radio and TV. This time the networks better served his purpose: they are few in number, vulnerable in ways that newspapers are not and, besides, the papers had overwhelmingly supported him in 1972.

The assault was calculated, despite the fact that in the course of mounting it he lost his temper and thereby lost this round for much the same reason that he lost the 1962 encounter. He has in fact overworked the press as scapegoat but at this point in his career, there were no other immediately available targets. He could not attack the Democrats—votes would be needed to confirm Ford and for other reasons. Détente ruled out the possibility of flaying the Communists. Nor was there any chance of isolating some section of the electorate as villain. The easing out of Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus had provoked such a wave of criticism from all sections of the political spectrum that no specific group could be set up for attack. So it had to be the press, and to sharpen that a bit, the networks.

In the early phases of the conference the President had been impressive. He spoke in a quiet, thoughtful manner; the eyelids were not fluttering and the hands were still. But once the questions started, he promptly lost his cool. And worse, in his anger, he failed to make a plausible case against the networks. Last December, at the time of the bombing of Cambodia, network commentators did not

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use the words he attributed to them. The networks did not create the scandals of this Administration nor are they responsible for the firing of Cox. When asked to be specific, the President failed to say what it was the networks had said or shown that prompted his sweeping indictment: never in twenty-seven years in public life had he heard or seen such "outrageous, vicious, distorted reporting." The fact is that he was himself guilty of gross distortion. He fouled up the reference to Jefferson's letter. He would have the public believe that everyone had approved the "compromise" offer on the tapes, except a bullheaded Archibald Cox, who had to be fired. This was not even a half truth. Nor did he explain why, having fired Cox whose independence he had underwritten, he had offered to surrender the tapes. Apologists have said that the atmosphere was poisonous; that the reporters were disrespectful and their questions too blunt. But the President sets the tone of a press conference. What was dismaying about this one was the spectacle of a President of the United States acting, in full public view, in so angry, spiteful and uncontrolled a manner. It was personally demeaning; it also demeaned the high office.

Ironically, the President's savage attack on the networks coincided with publication of a Twentieth Century Fund report on "Presidential Television" which demonstrates that instant access to the media has greatly enhanced the power of the President at the expense of the Congress. With a snap of his fingers, he can command prime time on all three networks, suddenly cancel out, then reschedule. The networks did little of the hard digging on Watergate; as usual, they occupied a parasitic relation to the printed media. The notion that a President should suffer a virtual nervous breakdown because the networks have been unkind or unfair is ridiculous. Each week night the networks offer brief snippets of news and commentary about a variety of events, with occasional in-depth analyses which are often entertaining but seldom penetrating. To be sure, the Watergate investigation commanded media attention, but Congress is still out in the cold by comparison with the President's power to use the airwaves.

If the President had maintained the tone and manner with which he opened the conference he might have rallied opinion to his side on the issue of the Middle East. In any national emergency the public tends to uphold the President. But by reverting to type under stress, Mr. Nixon managed to forfeit his one best chance to get off the defensive. As a result, he has further weakened his position. Once again the public is reaffirmed in its feeling that he must be personally involved in the scandals of his Administration—a feeling engendered more perhaps by his behavior than by anything he said. Indeed, his conduct, his way of reacting to the various crises that have marked his turbulent career—in brief, his character—has become the public's central preoccupation. Watching his erratic performance this past month, even his supporters have become puzzled and worried. His handling of specific issues, such as the tapes, has been incredibly inept if not stupid. Even worse, it has become steadily more evident that these failures relate to his character, to the way he sees himself, and the way he views his office and the public. He can command the armed services and the bureaucracy will remain docile, but he cannot govern the country because he has lost the confidence of Congress and the people. The best tactical advice would be of little use to him because, when all is said and done, he is the architect of his own difficulties and for that reason cannot set things right. Peter Lisagor, in a recent column, concluded on the note that "a nation cannot live on the edge of hysteria for very long. And it compounds the problem to suggest that someone else is to blame for the unsteady hand on the bridge besides the captain."

Post-Mortem on a Policy

In the wake of the latest round of fighting in the Middle East, as bloody as it is inconclusive, is it too much to expect that Congress will consent to take a look at the Administration's policy of supplying arms to the states of the Persian Gulf, an area which has been described as "a body of water surrounded by oil wells"?

Back in May there was much talk about sales that were then being negotiated. Iran, a somewhat special case, was buying $2.5 billion worth. Saudi Arabia wanted to buy twenty-four to thirty F-4 Phantom fighter-bombers, needed, so it said, to counter MIG-21 fighters which the Soviets had sold to Iraq. The Saudi Arabian deals came to a huge sum, perhaps $1 billion on the installment plan; at the same time, Kuwait wanted F-8 Crusaders totaling some $600 million to shore up its own defenses. All hefty sums.

Rep. Lee Hamilton (D., Ind.), a consistent critic of our military supply policy, has estimated that the United States is in process of selling $5 billion in arms to the states of the Gulf, compared with sales by the Soviet Union of around $1 billion to Iraq and Yemen. But the buyers may be only go-betweens. State Department witnesses conceded at hearings last May that there was no way to guarantee that Saudi Arabia would not turn over the fighter-bombers to Egypt.

The rationale for these sales, as argued by Secretary of State Rogers, at the same hearings, may be summed up as follows: (*1*) They maintain the balance of power in the area. But they did nothing of the kind: the balance of power was the first casualty of the war. (*2*) If we don't sell, others will. Probably, but we are not setting a very good example. (*3*) It helps our balance of payments. The same argument applies as in (*2*) above. (*4*) The buyers have cash. True, cash is always an inducement. (*5*) It makes them friendly. Yes, for the time being.

Some of these arguments are valid from the narrow and short-term standpoint of the present Administration and some of its predecessors, but the policy as a whole is a demonstrated failure, nor is it validated by the arguments of the states themselves. They assert, first, that they need these arms for their defense. But are Iraq and Yemen all that formidable? The suspicion persists that the rulers feel they need modern arms against internal enemies. Since January 1972, there have been about sixty-eight executions in Iran alone. Second, they maintain they have no offensive intentions. Probably true—except against Israel.

What Representative Hamilton had to say about the policy still makes good sense (*Congressional Record*,

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May 31 and June 21). What is needed, he points out, is regional cooperation, but the arms supply policy is bound to add to the tensions in the area. Instead of stressing diplomacy, coordination, discussion, *prior* to arms deals, we go blindly ahead with weapons supply, and are surprised when the weapons are used for their destined purpose.

Congress should conduct a post-mortem on this policy. One difficulty is finding out exactly what happened. Hamilton said on May 31 that the State Department declined to disclose how much had been sold or contracted for, and concluded: "In short, it appears to be high time for us to address the larger, more difficult issues of our political and economic relations with the Gulf states, rather than rely so much on the short-term benefits of the military supply policy."

End of a Flirtation

Miami

At this year's tenth annual convention, the national AFL-CIO and President George Meany's "neutrality-for-Nixon" position of 1972 was replaced with a policy of belligerent opposition to "the most corrupt Administration in our history." Looking beyond its immediate effect, this sharp reversal in policy has brightened prospects that the Democratic Party may emerge—after some internal stresses and strains—as the party representing a broad new coalition of forces seeking progress and reform. An appeal for such a coalition, and strong labor backing for it, by Rep. Barbara Jordan (D., Tex.)—during which she quoted extensively from *The Populist Manifesto* by Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield—received an astonishing ovation from the delegates, a far warmer reception than that given remarks by Sens. Henry Jackson and Edward Kennedy. In contrast, Secretary of Labor Peter Brennan, the symbol of hard-hat unionism, was nowhere to be seen. He was not even invited to the Building Trades convention held before the AFL-CIO gathering. Other pro-Nixon labor leaders were in full retreat.

As for George Meany he, like Caesar, has crossed his Rubicon, to the relief of the many pro-McGovern labor leaders, none of whom, however, was willing to challenge openly Meany's political blunder in the 1972 campaign. Meany's vitriolic attacks on President Nixon during and after the AFL-CIO convention, and the launching of an AFL-CIO campaign to force Nixon to resign or face impeachment, mark a sharp break with labor's traditional "reward-our-friends-punish-our enemies" political position. The departure of Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus gave further momentum to the new direction in political action. Meany's total and vigorous domination of this year's convention, reminiscent of the manner in which the late John L. Lewis once ran CIO conventions, was obvious to all observers. His strong pro-Israel views and sharp criticism of Nixon's détente policies made it all the easier for him to boss this convention. Major AFL-CIO unions and the independent UAW have, both publicly and in stronger language privately, been telling their Russian counterparts how precarious détente policies have become, given the Soviet role in the Middle East. The development of independent political action committees by various unions has undercut the once-powerful pronouncements of Al Barkan, COPE director, as reflected in his complaints about the policies of Robert Strauss, the national chairman of the Democratic Party. With Congressional elections coming up in 1974, and one-third of the Senate seats to be filled, next year will be a time of intense political activity on the part of the unions.

B.J. WIDICK

Justice Douglas

On October 29, Justice William O. Douglas became the longest sitting Supreme Court Justice in history—thirty-four and a half years. Long ago he outdistanced Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in the total of his dissents. Not that dissent is a virtue in itself. Whether it is good or bad in cumulative effect depends on the temper of the times, but there is little doubt that history will judge Douglas' opinions—and they have not all been dissenting opinions by any means—together with those of Justice Hugo Black as a major factor in preserving the liberties of the American people in the years of the cold war.

Laymen tend to look on Supreme Court dissents as defeats or futile protests, but that is not the view of lawyers, nor of the Justices themselves. Justice Potter Stewart explains that dissents "hold out alternatives and options over the years, and sometimes have the role of persuading other members of the Court to change their thinking."

Douglas is not regarded in the legal profession as a great technician, nor as one of the foremost intellects in the history of the Court. His great merit is that, as a vigorous judicial activist, he has specialized over the years in the defense of the Bill of Rights, whose provisions are under recurrent attack because they always conflict with the special interests of the moment. Every time some new subterfuge was found to undermine, however subtly, a basic constitutional right, Douglas was there to say, "Stop it!" During the period of the Warren Court this was an ongoing effort, and he has carried it over as a restraining influence on the Burger Court.

In the 1960s Douglas had a better understanding than did Black of the new life styles; this enabled him to view in constitutional perspective "long hair" cases, pornography, conscientious objection and similar issues involving behavior inherently distasteful to conservative Judges. Douglas has been able to make this identification with the young because he is himself an authentic person, authentically American in his refusal to base his views on passing prejudices. He was "doing his thing" long before that became the current fashion.

The 1970 attempt to impeach Douglas on the ground of some of his sources of outside income—and especially because he has been divorced three times and his remarriages have been to women younger than himself—ended in ignominious defeat for its perpetrators, including the present Vice President designate. By way of contrast, the Douglas Anniversary Convocation scheduled for November 3 in Washington, at which Chief Justice Burger and former Chief Justice Warren will speak, is a well-deserved tribute to a great American.

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EAST RIVER; SUEZ CANAL
At the U.N.: The Hard Work of Peace

ANNE TUCKERMAN

United Nations

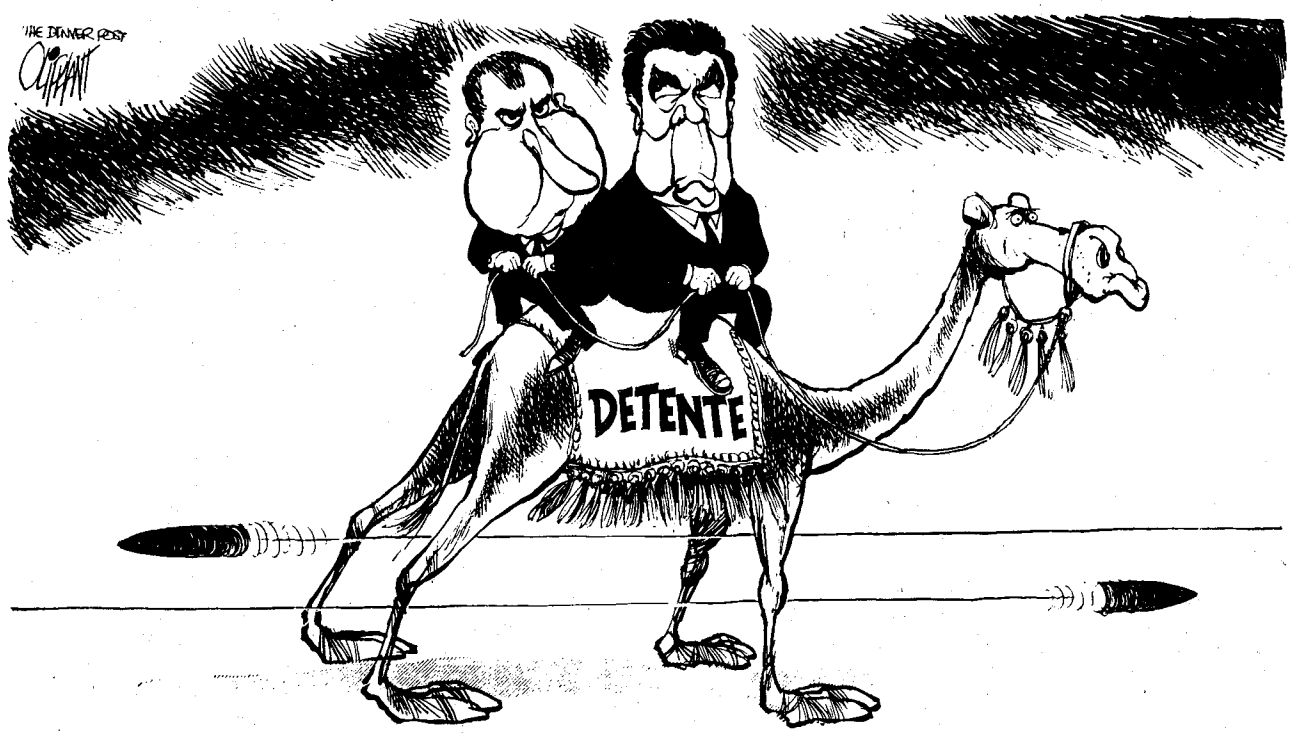
The United Nations has gone back into the peace-keeping business on a large scale. If there was ever a demonstration of what the Security Council can do when properly employed in a serious crisis, the recent dramatic meetings of the Council provided it, starting with a cease-fire order in the Middle East war and culminating in the creation of a new U.N. emergency force.

Nobody denies that the prime movers in this revitalizing operation were the United States and the Soviet Union—or, as they are usually called by others with a mixture of realism and bitterness, the two superpowers. But then that has always been the case in the U.N. where, in the words of the Charter, and idealistic illusions and parliamentary majorities notwithstanding, agreement between the big-power permanent members of the Security Council is a prerequisite for any Council decision.

The United States and Russia did not reach their agreement within the damasked walls of the Council chamber; they first agreed with each other and came to this chamber to use the U.N.'s legal framework to stop a regional war which was dangerous to themselves and to international peace. Washington and Moscow could not, on their own initiative, issue a cease-fire order in the Middle East; nor could they make their protégés in the area take such a step before a decisive military victory on one or the other side, which would surely invite revenge, or a prolonged, bloody and equally dangerous stalemate. The Council could issue such a call, and did so, unanimously. (Only China abstained, its representative denouncing the "Diktat of the Superpowers," but being careful not to assume the awesome responsibility of a veto. Others swallowed the bitter pill of a Moscow-Washington deal, realizing that only these two could affect the tragic trend of events in the Arab-Israeli conflict.)

The United States and the Soviet Union used as leverage in their complex negotiations with Israel and Egypt not only their key positions as suppliers of arms, but also their promises to use their influence in order to seek for both what each desperately wants: for Egypt, Israel's withdrawal from the Sinai; for Israel, direct negotiations with the Arab states. These two elements were present in the U.S.-Soviet resolution adopted by the Council on October 22. At the same time, in this infinitely difficult diplomatic gambit, the United States was trying to limit Soviet support to the Arabs by making it clear that Israel would never lack weapons or money if the military balance was in question.

The Security Council came into its own when the precarious nature of the cease-fire was exposed. Egypt, whose forces were cut off in the Sinai, took the gamble of asking for joint Soviet-American forces to secure a withdrawal of Israeli armor from deepening pockets on the west bank of the Suez Canal. Egypt was, in fact, asking the superpowers either to act jointly, or to confront each other at this early and perhaps decisive stage.



"They're Not Shooting at Each Other—They're Shooting at Us!"

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Secretary Kissinger opposed the stationing of big-power forces in the Middle East quicksand. While rumors of Soviet military preparations circulated in Washington, and President Nixon ordered American troops on the alert, the "nonaligned members" of the Security Council, after numerous consultations, called for a U.N. emergency force, thus defusing the crisis, at least for the time being. The United States proposed—and the Soviet Union agreed—that the permanent members of the Council should be excluded from this force. The unilateral decision by Leonid Brezhnev to send "representatives" to Egypt to supervise the cease-fire is more likely a gesture of political support for President Sadat than a tool for escalating psychological warfare.

The new emergency force in the Middle East, which must have a strength of 7,000 men—"blue helmets" from Cyprus have been sent as an advance guard—is a tremendous undertaking and an act of faith on the part of the U.N., which lost so much face when its emergency force was withdrawn unilaterally by Nasser before the Six Day War, and when it nearly went bankrupt over the Congo operation. Its mandate is clear, its financing uncertain, its creation an adventure.

For it to succeed and earn the name of a peace-keeping force, it must first delimit and police new cease-fire lines between Israel and Egypt. This task has been seriously delayed by Egyptian claims of cease-fire violations by the Israelis, who in turn accuse the Egyptian forces of attacking to break out of encirclement. Most of all, the force must be supported by the political will of the parties immediately concerned. If it is to signal the beginning of a long-awaited settlement in the Middle East, Israel and Egypt must have a degree of trust, however minimal, in each other. Egypt's responsible leaders proclaim loudly that they have finally agreed to make peace with Israel, for the sake of the economic development of their country, if they get back all Egyptian territory seized in the 1967 war. Israel, always beleaguered by Arab states, and this time directly attacked, refuses to believe these pronouncements and stakes its security more than ever on military strength and the occupation of a vast desert to protect its vital centers. From this outlook, generations of Israelis will have to live in a fortress. Some answers will have to be found—with a moratorium on poisonous rhetoric—to Israel's need for security and Arab fears of Israeli expansionism. Any settlement will require ironclad guarantees (involving the big powers directly).

The United States and the Soviet Union, on their part, must continue the momentum of their joint action and find an acceptable forum for direct negotiations between the parties. Egypt has accepted such talks in principle for the first time. The resolution adopted by the Council on October 22 links all these elements.

If the two superpowers fail, the acclaimed détente between them will be seriously jeopardized and the whole pattern of international relations may once again take the downward path. This is an extraordinarily difficult enterprise, and optimism would be foolhardy. But perhaps for the first time since 1948, there is an opportunity. For the U.N., for its Secretary-General, for some of the diplomats feverishly active in its corridors, there is work ahead. □

In Israel: Warriors Sick of War

HERBERT KROSNEY

Jerusalem

This has been Israel's most dangerous and difficult war. Paradoxically, it has also been the only one of those wars in which the major actions took place far from Israeli civilian settlements, with the exception of the border kibbutzim on the Golan.

Thus there has been a certain feeling of unreality about the war. Civilian life continued in Israel. The streets were full of women and children and, surprisingly, a good number of men as well. Israel's call-up of reserves was not complete, the intention of the government being to permit civilian life and work to function insofar as possible. Most factories continued operations; the kibbutzim, with the marginal help of volunteers, continued to harvest the fall crop and provide food for the civilian and military population.

The only shortage felt in the country's stores was cigarettes, all of them having been contributed or shipped directly to the troops in the field. One soldier I met in the Golan had just received forty packs of cigarettes, and was trying to decide whether this abundance of wartime "booty" would justify his starting to smoke for the first time in his life.

Nevertheless, a profound depression hit Israel when people realized, after about four days, that victory was not going to be easy. It was soon apparent that, even to hold its own, the country would pay a high price. Israelis had evidently been overconfident about the ability of "Tsahal," the Israeli Defense Forces, to stop and overcome the Egyptians and Syrians in a matter of days. They had also considerably underestimated the Arab soldier. The Russian missile systems in Syria and Egypt were causing losses to the Israeli Air Force, and rumors abounded concerning the number of Israeli deaths—some said as many as 3,000 in the first week (the government quickly stopped the rumors by announcing within the first ten days an accurate mortality count, 656 killed and some 2,000 wounded in the first week).

In Jerusalem it was possible to watch both the Jordanian and Israeli television stations. It was a surrealistic feeling to see both sides providing their regular programming material in addition to expanded war coverage. American and British TV thrillers continued to dominate

Herbert Krosney is The Nation's *correspondent in Israel.*

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the screens—such programs as *Ironside* and *The Wild Wild West*; a particular treat for Israeli viewers was the feature film, *Gigi*.

The Jordanian newscasts, in both English and Hebrew, provided insight to the Arab mentality and outlook. In the first days of the war victory proclamations were made, and footage was shown from Syria and Egypt. A general optimism, if not jubilation, prevailed. Jordanian television quoted only Arab, and no Israeli information sources.

It was easy enough to ignore the tone of Jordanian television until it began showing captured Israeli prisoners of war and downed Israeli planes. The films of prisoners particularly depressed the Jewish audience. News film from Cairo showed about forty Israeli prisoners doing calisthenics and about ten Israelis in an Egyptian hospital receiving medical care; one lieutenant colonel, the commander of an Israeli tank brigade, was interviewed by the Egyptians. He looked downcast as he answered questions about how he had been captured. When asked if he wanted to send greetings to his wife and family, he replied, "That always. Tell them I am well."

His wife and children were undoubtedly relieved to know at least that their man was alive. Other wives whose husbands were reported missing besieged the Israeli television station for tapes of the Egyptian material, trying to find out if there were any shots showing their husbands. The general impression in Israel was that the Egyptians were behaving correctly regarding prisoners of war, while those who had fallen into Syrian hands, especially pilots, would face many long and difficult hours of interrogation and possibly torture. Some Israelis, partly as a result of these broadcasts, began to look upon the Egyptians as "civilized" opponents with whom in the long run it might be possible to talk.

Israeli television also interviewed captured Arab prisoners, and one talk with an Egyptian pilot, in English, was roundly criticized in Israel because the interviewer was both scornful and chauvinistic. He asked the Egyptian why he wasn't wearing shoes, to which the Egyptian replied with scorn: "Because I lost mine and they haven't been replaced." The feeling was that the Egyptian pilot emerged with considerably more dignity than did his interviewer.

My impressions of the attitude of Israelis, both civilians and soldiers, may be summed up by two individuals. In the first instance, I arrived at a point near Kuneitra, formerly on the cease-fire line with Syria on the Golan Heights. Israeli planes roared overhead and I saw two of them, one a Phantom and the second a Mirage, soar upward to avoid one of the Russian-supplied Syrian missiles. Then one of the planes came in on the missile sideways. A little white puff blossomed in the cloudless sky and the missile was destroyed.

Syrian artillery had been hitting a hill behind us, but it was quiet for the moment. A number of Israeli tanks were being serviced in the area, and their crews were sitting around waiting for the work to be completed before heading back to the front line.

I began to talk with some of them. They wanted talk; they were hungry for company. One, a 6-foot blond fellow, was the assistant station manager for one of the international airlines at Lod Airport. His face caked with dust, bewhiskered because the members of his unit had decided not to shave until the fighting was finished, he felt he had to say certain things to me. He began to pour out his feelings on life and death in war:

> I know that every moment might be my last. I began to think of my wife and child. I don't want the war to continue but I wonder why they want us to die, what it's all about.
>
> It's a terrible thing. I know we're stronger than they are. Why can't we all talk? What does Hassad want? He sends simple people into battle and we pass their simple villages—nothing but mud huts really—and it's all deserted now, or we see their dead bodies.
>
> What's it all about? Why do we have to do this? Why can't we sit and talk, and invite each other to coffee? I don't want to kill them.
>
> I'm going back to the front now. It's sad. It's a tragedy. There's no point to all this killing. Of course, we have to do it.
>
> I know we have a job to do. If they beat us it would be all over for us. But I keep thinking of my child. Now they will have to revenge the deaths of all the people we are killing, even though it's not our fault, and we are simply making them hate—not just in this generation but in the next one, too. My child will have to face the same.
>
> It's all got to end. There has to be a better answer than this killing.

In Tel Aviv, several days later, we arrived at the Soldier's House, which is the center of what might be called "operation parcel." People streamed into the center with gift packages for soldiers—everything from knitted caps to cigarettes to candy. The supply of cakes and other sweets was unlimited, enough stacked around to feed the Egyptian and Syrian Armies as well; every Jewish mother in Tel Aviv wanted to make certain that the Israeli soldier would not lose weight while serving at the front:

> Who cares about the canal? What we need is for our husbands and sons to come home. I have a boy in Sinai and my husband is in the civil defense.
>
> We want peace. We can't let this happen every five years. I don't care about victory. I just want us to live and for my family to be with me.
>
> The Arabs have to sit with us and our leaders and they have to come to peace. That's what we want.

Israel's victory, when it would come, would be a victory without joy. Too many lives had been lost; too many children would be without fathers; too many boys were maimed for life. Peace, nothing less, was the answer.

Is peace possible? The cease-fire is the first step, but much will depend on the wisdom of both the Egyptians and the Israelis. A desire by the United States and the Soviet Union to promote a peace cannot be transformed into reality unless both sides evince a willingness to compromise. Egypt must fulfill many urgent social and domestic tasks in order to transform itself into a modern, prosperous nation; Israel cannot condemn generation after generation to a fruitless war with the surrounding Arabs. The need for peace is evident.

The negotiations—if they come—will be difficult for both sides. Israel must clearly take some step to convince the Arabs that it values peace over territory. But the Sinai has proved itself, in this war, a defense in

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depth for Israel, and Israel could never feel secure with the pre-1967 borders as its permanent boundary with Egypt. I believe that Israel would be seriously willing to return a good part of Sinai. The canal proved to be a worthless anti-tank ditch, and secure borders for Israel would mean at the most a pullback to the mountain passes approximately 15 or 20 kilometers from the canal in most places. The Israelis will also insist on a ceding of Sharm el Sheikh to them, but they could look to some formula which will "save" Egyptian honor, such as a leasing arrangement.

Whether Egypt could agree to such terms is an open question. Sadat is caught in a dilemma. He can certainly claim that the war was a stand-off, with Egyptians holding a long line on the eastern side of the Suez Canal. He can also claim that the honor of the Arab soldier has been redeemed. But he cannot leave Israel in control of a considerable portion of Egypt proper, including the roads from Cairo to Suez and Cairo to Ismailia. He is, the Israelis hope, in a position where it is imperative for him to bargain. (Egypt's crumbling military position could not give any succor to Sadat. He accepted a cease-fire in place only days after saying that he would accept a cease-fire only if the Israelis agreed to withdraw to the pre-1967 boundaries.)

The Israeli relationship to Egypt is the key to peace. The Syrians, as always, will be more difficult to talk to, and it is doubtful that the Baathist Party in Syria could survive any talks with the Zionist enemy. Syria, it should be noted, is in a very awkward position as regards Iraq, since Iraqi forces occupy the southern part of the country, and just might not be willing to leave.

It would be pleasant to believe that King Hussein's relatively prudent actions in the conflict could lead to the kind of compromise with Israel that is required. But at the moment, I doubt that the Israelis are in a mood either to thank the King or to enter into negotiations with him, at least until some arrangement with Egypt is reached. The long-range hope for some kind of stable peace arrangement with two of the claimants to the land itself—Israel and Jordan—possibly based on a confederation between the two states, is far from active consideration. Yet such an approach still seems to offer one of the few and only avenues toward a lasting peace, one that will take into account the needs and desires of the Palestinians as well as the Arab states. The political position of the Palestinians seems to me, as a result of the war, weaker than before.

Can Israel and Egypt get together to begin the process of negotiation? Is Sadat, as a result of the war, secure enough or desperate enough to sit down with the Israelis? It will take wisdom and statesmanship for the two sides to begin those difficult negotiations. The big question lies with Sadat. □

HAPPY DAYS ON KEY BISCAYNE

BEBE AND DICK ON A HOUSEBOAT

WILLIAM AMLONG

Miami, Fla.

Not since Checkers has Richard Nixon had as close, loyal and discreet a friend as Charles Gregory (Bebe) Rebozo. It is a role for Rebozo that has elevated him to the status of national celebrity. He is no longer to be thought of simply as the president of a small suburban bank, but to be portrayed in broad, bold strokes as The Man Next to The Man: sort of a hybrid Horatio Alger-Harold Robbins hero, of humble origins and intriguing destiny.

The setting in which the Nixon-Rebozo relationship has blossomed is a semi-tropical island, Key Biscayne. Key Biscayne might be described as the site of Winter Palace I, in distinction to Winter Palace II at San Clemente. The aristocratic connotation would appeal to the 6,628 residents, predominantly middle- and upper-middle-class strivers with Tory colonialist pretensions. This affectation is epitomized in the island's most popular restaurant, the Jamaica Inn and adjoining English Pub, where Mr. Nixon's and Mr. Rebozo's engraved pewter mugs hang in a bar adorned by the Union Jack.

William Amlong is a reporter on a Miami daily.

It is here that Rebozo lives (within the five-house Presidential compound on Bay Lane), works (at the Key Biscayne Bank and Trust Co.) and plays (on a houseboat christened *Cocolobo II* after an island retreat he and others sold the federal government). The home, the bank and the houseboat have all become very important in the scheme of things that comprises Richard Nixon's Presidency and its relationship to Rebozo.

Of these, the bank has recently gained the greatest notoriety through its role in the Watergate scandal, the Howard Hughes contribution, the controversy with federal banking officials, and a loan secured with stolen stock. All of these developments, however, are a logical outgrowth of Bebe Rebozo's past, a history in which the home and the houseboat were important elements.

The house is a rambling, single-story ranch type that typifies South Florida architecture. Rebozo bought it in 1958 for $62,000—on terms of nothing down and three years to pay. It has a back yard where Rebozo and his friend, Nixon, occasionally sit in redwood lawn chairs and gaze out to the west over Biscayne Bay.

Until December 1968, it did not matter with whom Rebozo watched sunsets from his back yard. Until then, he was just one of the fatter cats inhabiting the western bayfront of Key Biscayne. In late 1967, the house next door had been bought by U.S. Sen. George Smathers,

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but neither is Key Biscayne so excitable a place nor Smathers so exciting a figure that this produced any great tumult—especially since Smathers never moved in. At the time, three other families also lived along that waterfront block.

But when Richard Nixon was elected President, there went the neighborhood—literally. Smathers was the first to go. First he rented his house to Nixon and then, reluctantly, sold it to him for $125,000, a deal that netted the retiring Senator a $15,000 profit. "I didn't want to sell it," Smathers explained later, "but I wanted Nixon to come here and it was a case of having to sell it or else he wouldn't have come."

What followed was a white suburban counterpart to the tactics that earned for urban renewal the nickname of "Negro removal" (to make room for white developers): the remaining three neighbors on the bay side of Bay Lane were gotten rid of by Rebozo, with a little help from the U.S. Government and Nixon's other friend, Robert Abplanalp.

"We decided to sell because they [the Secret Service] were deviling us to death," Mrs. Lucy O'Neal, formerly of 478 Bay Lane, told a team of investigative reporters from *Newsday* in 1971. Although they were approached by Rebozo, she said, the real buyer was Abplanalp. He paid $150,000 for the house—and immediately leased it to the Secret Service in a deal that will net him $142,500 spread over Nixon's eight years in office. No such deal was offered to the O'Neals, Mrs. O'Neal said.

Abplanalp, who assisted by Rebozo helped finance the purchase of Winter Palace II at San Clemente, bought a second property in the compound under a similar agreement. In April 1969 he bought the house of A. Edward Campbell, a business associate of Rebozo, for $220,000 and then leased it to the government for eight years at a total rental of $152,500.

Nixon himself bought the fifth house in the compound from a wealthy Cuban exile who felt that his home was worth $145,000, but accepted $126,700 in a bargain he struck with Rebozo.

The appearance of the neighborhood changed rapidly and drastically. What used to be a quiet but still public thoroughfare is now blocked at one end by a gatehouse and at the other by a latticework redwood fence. A hibiscus hedge screens the compound from tourists' cameras. A $324,000 helipad, equipped with special sensing equipment to detect underwater swimmers, juts from what used to be uncluttered beach. A Coast Guard patrol boat stands sentry in the bay, its crewmen gleefully harassing any boats that come too close to shore (they once seized a sailboat being skippered by a New York legislator).

But all of this is the price that must be paid to have the President in your midst, and there are those who think Nixon adds something to the neighborhood. Among them is a land developer named Donald Berg who in 1967, with the help of Rebozo, got Nixon to pose for a publicity picture for his subdivision on the key's ocean side. In return for this favor, Berg sold Nixon two lots on a cul-de-sac for $53,100—$19,900 less than he got for the two lots on the other side. Last December, Nixon sold the two lots for $150,000 to William E. Griffin Jr., friend Abplanalp's personal lawyer.

Another land deal on which Nixon has profited with Rebozo's help is Fisher Island, purchased in the mid-1950s by a combine put together by Rebozo. Beginning in 1962, Nixon began buying stock in the Fisher Island Corp. at $1 a share, accumulating 185,891 shares by 1968. At that time he declared he wanted to divest himself of all stock holdings to avoid any appearance of conflict of interest. And although Fisher Island stock was still selling for $1 a share, the corporation bought back Nixon's for $2 a share. To date, he is the only investor who has profited from Fisher Island.

The nucleus of the Fisher Island Corp. is a group of men who teamed up for the first time in 1946 to help their old high school friend, George Smathers, successfully run against incumbent Miami Rep. Pat Cannon. Cannon called them Smathers' "Goon Squad," a nickname they relished and seized upon as their own. Throughout the business deals and the political campaigns of the ensuing twenty-seven years, the Goon Squad has stuck together—to the profit of all, but especially of Rebozo and Smathers, whom Robert Sherrill called "a wheeler-dealer of the pre-Billie Sol Estes stripe" in "The Golden Senator from Florida" (*The Nation*, December 7, 1964).

For Rebozo, it has provided entrée to circles normally beyond the reach of the son of a Cuban immigrant cigar maker. As a freshman U.S. Senator, Smathers would often invite colleagues to join him in fishing jaunts aboard the boat of his friend, Bebe. Soon Rebozo gained such renown as a fishing host that he didn't need Smathers along: one photo showed the guests aboard his fishing boat to be Senators Johnson of Texas, Clements of Kentucky, Russell of Georgia, Symington of Missouri and Long of Louisiana. On his left wrist, Rebozo wears a gold Rolex watch bearing an inscription from Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson; it was given to him at a theatre party Rebozo gave in Coconut Grove one evening long before Johnson became President. The closest relationship that developed, obviously, was the one between Rebozo and Nixon—even though one acquaintance recalled that after Nixon's original visit, when the freshman Senator from California seemed quiet and haggard after his grueling 1950 campaign, Rebozo remarked: "I don't believe Senator Nixon enjoyed himself." However, a warm and exuberant thank-you letter from Washington dispelled that notion. "We just hit it off, I guess," Rebozo once told an interviewer.

For Smathers, Rebozo became a friend at court—perhaps a more powerful one than Smathers ever was to Bebe. This reversal of roles has occurred at a time of crisis in Smathers' life, a time when a man who has thrived by suckling at power for more than two decades suddenly finds himself abruptly weaned by retirement from the Senate. Without Bebe—whose name Smathers is always eager, sometimes even hasty to invoke—the former junior U.S. Senator from Florida might find himself on the shelf. Before you can sell yourself, you have got to have something someone wants—which in Smathers' case has always been influence.

An example of Smathers' plight—which in turn has

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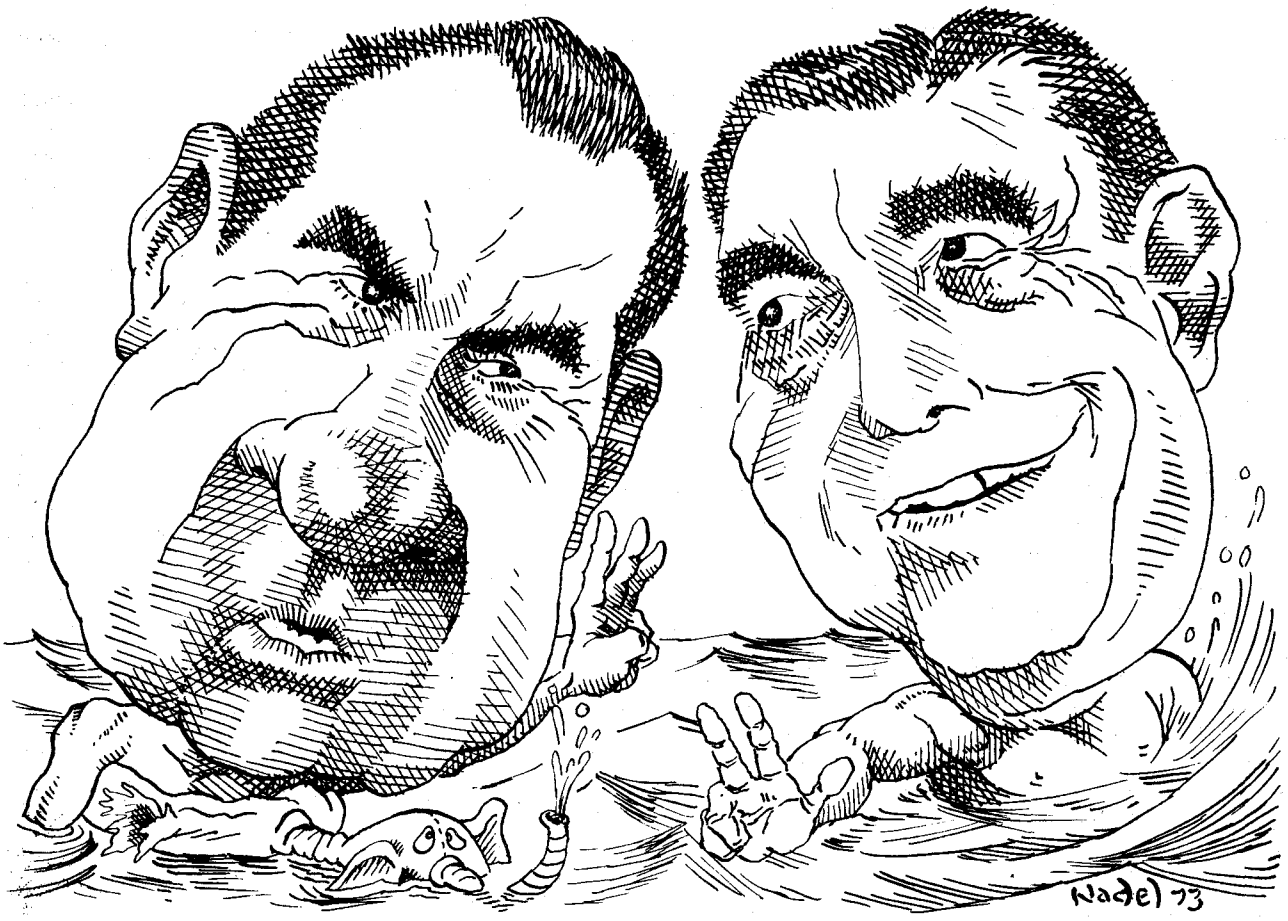

become Rebozo's plight, since Smathers keeps injecting his name—is found in the transcript of a taped phone conversation between Smathers and former White House counsel Charles Colson, a transcript since given to Watergate investigators. Smathers was seeking White House intervention to advance the parole date of Cal Kovens, a Miami Beach contractor who had been imprisoned for his part in James Hoffa's pension fund rip-off. "I personally am not a criminal lawyer or anything, and I don't know my ass from third base about half that stuff, but anyway I took his case before the Parole Board," Smathers told Colson as the tape recorder whirred on. But if Smathers did not completely grasp Parole Board procedure, he seemed to understand well enough how things work in the Nixon Administration. Calling Kovens "the most popular Jew in Dade County [Miami]"—a fairly gross exaggeration—Smathers told Colson that the contractor was suffering from a heart condition and that the President could make inroads into the Jewish bloc vote by releasing him early from the correctional facility at Eglin Air Force Base in north Florida. He told Colson he had discussed the matter with Rebozo: "I think there are some plusses in it, and Bebe said, 'I think he ought to do it.' I said, I agree, there's no negative on this side, it's all plusses."

The phone call occurred December 30, 1971. On January 5 the Parole Board met to reconsider its decision that Kovens should stay in jail until May 1, and on January 6 he was a free man. The reason given for this clemency—supported by medical records—was that Kovens' heart condition was worsening. The grateful contractor contributed $30,000 to Nixon's re-election fund—one of those pre-April 7th contributions no one was ever supposed to know about.

Rebozo has also joined that group of persons who over the years have felt compelled—for whatever reasons—to give Smathers things, particularly land. One of those benefactors was Winn-Dixie, the grocery store chain: it made a virtual gift to Smathers of two supermarkets, financing his purchase of them through the chain's pension fund and immediately leasing them back at a profit to Smathers. The former Senator's deal with Rebozo occurred in July 1970; it involved 80 of 280 acres in a fringe area where urban Miami meets the Everglades, that Rebozo had bought in the mid-1950s for $19 an acre. Rebozo sold Smathers the land for $400 an acre. In February 1971, he sold 150 neighboring acres to Florida Power & Light Co. for roughly $850 an acre.

Smathers, however, has not just tagged along, playing pilot fish to Rebozo's shark. As a Senator, Smathers was no slouch at flexing his influence—and did much to help Rebozo and another associate get a Small Business Administration loan to develop a Cuban shopping center in Miami.

To run that shopping center, El Centro Comercial Cubano, Rebozo hired Dr. Edgardo Buttari, once the mayor of Havana and a labor and treasury minister under Fulgencio Batista. Two of the tenants Buttari brought to

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El Centro were his former associates in Le Trianon Jewelry, an import firm; their names were Francisco and Ronald Condom-Gil.

Since then, interesting things have happened to all three. In 1968, Buttari became national director of Cuban-Americans for Nixon; by November 1970 Buttari had been put, with no attendant publicity, into a $25,583-a-year job as special assistant to the director of the Cuban Refugee Emergency Program in Miami. The matter was handled so discreetly that not even the program's number-two man in Miami was aware that Buttari was working for the program.

The Condom-Gil brothers have not fared so well. Their businesses at El Centro both went bankrupt. And earlier this year, both were convicted for their parts in what federal prosecutors called a massive cocaine smuggling ring. They are now in prison.

Buttari is not the only former Batista government official with whom Rebozo has had business dealings. Another is Burke Hedges, an American who became a Cuban national during Batista's reign. Hedges became a multimillionaire under the Batista regime, and in 1958 was named ambassador to Brazil. In 1959 he fled Cuba and Castro, leaving many of his holdings behind—but not so many that he could not invest heavily in the bank Rebozo was proposing for Key Biscayne.

The bank is a nondescript brick and glass edifice that has been made a shrine to President Nixon; his photographs hang from its walls and his bust sits on its teller counter. It is a financial institution that gives lollipops to children coming through its doors, but does not, as a rule, give loans to their parents. In a state where several mammoth bank holding companies are battling aggressively to get the public into debt, the tiny Key Biscayne Bank has placed itself above the fray; of the $17.4 million it has on deposit, only $2.57 million, or 15 per cent, is on loan. This places the bank 687th among the 687 banks of Florida in the loans category.

This is the bank a federal bank examiner called "so ultraconservative it is almost not a bank" in recommending that a second, competitive bank be chartered for the island—a recommendation that was ignored by higher-ups in the Nixon Administration. This is the bank where Richard Danner, a former Miami city manager, came as an envoy of Howard Hughes to give Rebozo $50,000, half of Hughes's clandestine $100,000 contribution. This is the bank where, Rebozo has told investigators, he kept the $100,000 in a safe deposit box. This is the bank where, Watergate investigators say, they suspect skimmed funds from Bahamian gambling casinos were laundered into the Nixon campaign.

And however "ultraconservative," the Key Biscayne Bank in 1968 made a very large loan to a very shadowy man under circumstances that were informal to the point of recklessness. According to a *Washington Post* story on October 25, a certain Charles L. Lewis of Atlanta turned up at the bank in the tow of Jake Jernigan, an old friend of Rebozo, and asked for a loan of $195,000 for which he offered to put up as collateral 900 shares of IBM stock, worth more than $300,000. Rebozo liked the proposal so much that he closed the deal that same day, without running any credit check on Lewis other than to phone the President's brother, Donald Nixon, out in Newport Beach, Calif., to ask what he knew of the fellow (Lewis had claimed to have a branch office in Newport Beach). What Donald knew is not said, but it must have been reassuring, for the money was passed over.

The only trouble was that the stock had been stolen from E.F. Hutton and Co., the New York brokerage house. (Eight men, four of them with connections to organized crime, were indicted in 1970 for conspiracy to steal the stock and six of them were convicted.) Rebozo has, of course, denied any knowledge that the stock was stolen, but he did sell the stock almost immediately, which is not what banks normally do with the collateral of their customers unless a loan is in default, which this one was not. An insurance investigator, George H. Riley, Jr., has now come forward to swear that Rebozo sold $91,500 worth of this stock after he told the banker that it was stolen, and Hutton is suing the bank.

Finally, Rebozo's bank owns the house at 340 Harbor Drive, Key Biscayne, the sometime residence of Mrs. Anita Reynolds, Rebozo's sister. Just down the street from the Presidential compound, the house sits on two lots and fits the description former Atty. Gen. John Mitchell gave the Watergate committee of the place where he met with Jeb Magruder and Frederick LaRue: "A very long house, almost like two houses," he called it. The bank bought the property in 1970 for $204,200 as part of the settlement of a lawsuit against its former owner. The phone number at the house, say investigators, appears at least once on the toll records of G. Gordon Liddy's home telephone. A collect call to Liddy was made from that phone some time during March 1972—the period when Watergate was being carved out of Liddy's even more bizarre Gemstone proposals.

This bank, and these land deals, have capped a spectacular professional career that Rebozo began, at age 10, as an assistant paper boy (too young to have his own route, he helped Darrey Davis, now a prominent Miami attorney, deliver papers). It matters little now that when his schoolmates at Buena Vista Elementary—among them Smathers and Philip L. Graham, the late publisher of *The Washington Post*—went off to college and law school, he took a job as a steward for Pan American. When Smathers was opening a law practice, Rebozo was opening a filling station and tire recapping business.

Rebozo—who watched over his tire recapping business during the World War II years on his trips back to Miami as an Air Transport Command navigator—rose quickly. After the war, he invested in land, bought a coin laundry and by 1950 was in the small loans business. He became president of Junior Achievement, president of the Miami Boys Club, commodore of the Key Biscayne Yacht Club and president of the Southwest Kiwanis Club where, at least once, he took former Kiwanian Richard Nixon to lunch.

One Miami socialite described Rebozo thus in 1968 to a reporter for *The New York Times*: "He's dear when you get to know him, but he does not have a magnetic personality. Deep down in his heart, Bebe is a tourist. He wears tourist bathing suits when he is on the beach,

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and his paunch is growing. He looks like any other middle-aged man on the beach." Rebozo's marriage has broken up; currently, he quietly dates Jane Lucke, a divorcee who works in the law offices of Rebozo's attorney, Thomas Wakefield.

The centerpiece of Rebozo's off-duty life—and of his relationship with the President—appears to be the houseboat, named for the Cocolobo Cay Club which Miami Beach developer Carl G. Fisher built as a fishing retreat on Adams Key in the 1920s. When on a trip to Key Biscayne, Nixon almost always goes out with Rebozo aboard the houseboat. "We do some fishing, some swimming and a lot of sunbathing," Rebozo said once. "And we work, too. Dick takes along his briefcase and I take along mine. We both like quiet surroundings, and he especially finds the atmosphere of Biscayne Bay a good place to think."

Until recently, this fishing camaraderie was the only aspect of Rebozo's relationship with Nixon about which much was known. Publicly, Rebozo maintained a position of noninvolvement in politics: he didn't even register Republican until after Nixon had been elected President. Rebozo's apparent aloofness and the fact that his bank was so small combined to lull observers into believing that he wasn't in on the hustle. Rebozo seemed more of a curiosity than a conspirator.

With that illusion smashed by the realities of Watergate, one may ask what a nice, rags-to-riches suburban bank president is doing in a mess like this. Being charitable, one could say that Rebozo was sucked into Watergate and the related horrors in attempting to help his friend. On the other hand, does the President of the United States need a friend like Rebozo? When the Comptroller of the Currency turned down the application of a group that wanted to open a competing bank on Key Biscayne, it wasn't the first time Rebozo had profited from political clout: Smathers had helped him deal with the Small Business Administration—improperly, charged Rep. Wright Patman in a speech on the House floor. And while the "dirty tricks" of 1972 are considered the worst in American political history, there is the question of what would have happened if the people running Smathers' 1950 campaign against Sen. Claude Pepper had possessed the technology and spook expertise of G. Gordon Liddy and company. Without it, the Smathers campaign against Pepper was a scurrilous, redbaiting affair. Smathers stumped Florida to tell the guffawing good ol' boys how "Red" Pepper's sister had been a "Thespian" and how the gravel-voiced New Dealer and his wife had "matriculated together" at college.

So, if you are not surprised that Howard Hughes gave Nixon $100,000, you should scarcely be surprised that Rebozo agreed to accept the money. Bebe Rebozo is just that sort of guy. □

Hidden Successes of Public Housing

J.S. FUERST

Chicago

Though public housing in the United States seems to be a dead duck, there are many public-housing projects whose health is blooming. But even as I write, more attacks are being made upon these and other housing developments so that the situation is steadily deteriorating. I get the distinct feeling that few outside the program give a damn.

To understand what is happening, some history is necessary. The public-housing program began in this country in 1937. Few programs have been so stubbornly opposed from the outset as this particular one. The entrance of the government into housing threw panic into the ranks of the real estate and banking industries, and other conservative groups. They launched an unrelenting attack on the specter of socialism: public housing was "Un-American"; it was "mollycoddling the poor."

When it became clear in 1935, during the depression, that the large number of ill-housed people in our affluent society and the continuing lack of provision for them by the private sector required some action, a program was hammered out whereby poor people would be served. But lobbyists for private industry made sure at the local and national levels that very few units would be built and that those which were would be crippled by low construction-cost ceilings, low-income limits and many other tenant restrictions.

The liberal sponsors of the program saw it as an entering wedge for a broad housing program that would make jobs for the unemployed, clear the slums, provide housing for the ill-housed, and be a keystone in the building of cities. Unfortunately, the opponents managed so to stigmatize the projects that almost from the start it was impossible to carry out these aims. As one example, it was difficult to obtain upward-striving families. When such families moved in, they soon moved out again, thus initiating a pattern of cleavage between the tenants of the projects and the rest of the community. This estrangement was accentuated by both rising incomes and a racial situation wherein a disproportionate percentage of the poor were black. This resulted in a shift of public-housing tenancy from mostly white to mostly black.

More significantly, the projects drifted into quasi-institutions for the socially, emotionally and economically underprivileged. The poorer the general quality of the tenants, the more difficult it was to get good families to remain, or to move in, until now it is hard to fill them at all. As a corollary, middle- or lower-middle-class neighborhoods, black or white, objected to having projects built in their midst.

Where were the projects built? Except in the small

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towns, almost all public-housing units, fewer than 2 per cent of the total housing supply, were built in the slums, in industrial areas or in all-black areas—that is, in the most undesirable areas of a city where no one else wanted to put residential housing.

What was their quality? In the beginning, cheap and occasionally not unattractive units were built. In the past fifteen years, larger high-rise projects have become the rule because, according to local authorities, cost limitations and local objections precluded anything else. Average unit size was also increased to accommodate families with many children.

Oscar Newman, author of the recent *Defensible Space*, has described the architecture in detail. It was massive and monolithic. It was stereotyped. Large, barren, open spaces stretched between huge buildings. Frequently there was no grass, windows were few and small, walls were usually common red brick. The architects, in too many cases unstimulated by public housing and restricted by the local and federal bureaucrats, built for the most part unimaginative, undistinguished, depressingly institutionalized projects.

Who moved in? Many of the most socially disadvantaged black, broken and big families—in short, the most desperate families. Thus many projects became final refuges for more than a few alcohol- and dope-ridden, criminally disposed, mentally and physically ill families—and relatively few self-supporting ones. With such selection of site, architecture and tenants, it is easy to see why public housing fell to the bottom of public esteem.

Behind the planners and the architects of the projects were those who sabotaged the program. But they had their allies. Black activists, aware of the great housing need of black families, insisted on a larger proportion of the tiny amount of housing in existence, instead of demanding more housing for the total community. In Chicago, for example, not satisfied with 87 per cent, they pushed for 95 per cent of the units available. This grotesquely disproportionate allocation of public housing to blacks was intensified by the combination of forces which relegated projects almost exclusively to black areas, and in turn greatly affected those few projects thrust into white areas.

The difficulties were also magnified by the social workers who believed that, in spite of the inadequate number of public-housing units, they had to be jam-packed with the poorest, most underprivileged families. This practice did little either for those families, or for upward-striving families who ceased to value project life.

Not all social workers are that short-sighted. Monsignor Vincent Cooke, for many years head of Catholic Charities of Chicago, stated that if public housing were to survive it could not be merely a receptacle for the problem cases of social agencies. Public assistance families as well as broken families should be admitted, but there must be a preponderance of "normal" families to give "troubled" families models to emulate. In the political area, Senators Brooke and Mondale and former Secretary of Housing Romney have taken substantially the same position.

In light of the prevailing negativism, the question is whether anywhere in the United States there may exist—unremarked—public-housing models that contradict what most big city and many small city people think of such projects. Indeed there are some, but you have to hunt. I know because, while doing a book on public housing several years ago, I found about ten of them. So did Oscar Newman, who described half a dozen he came upon in his travels.

First there are the quasi-suburban projects, low-rise, low-density housing such as Valley View in Providence, Glendale Heights in Minneapolis, La Salle in Louisville, West Bluff in Kansas City, Le Claire Court and Racine Court (recently converted to a cooperative) and Trumbull Park, all in Chicago. These projects lie for the most part on the outskirts of town, surrounded by single-family private homes in neighborhoods which have not been materially altered by the introduction of public housing. They were built at different times in different styles. For example, La Salle and Trumbull Park were both PWA projects built in 1937 in an interesting style, the first with 234 units, the second with 462. Over the years, largely because their original architecture was sound, their location was good and the number of rooms per unit was small, the projects have remained operable. It is true that a number of elderly people live in them and a rather larger proportion of broken families. Nevertheless, the projects are integrated, with perhaps 15 per cent black families, and the neighborhoods continue good. The worst thing about these two projects is that, like some of the other projects to be discussed here, they are not in enormous demand, largely because of the predominating influence of poverty upon them.

On the other hand, West Bluff, a 100-unit project, partakes of some of these characteristics but is thoroughly integrated, with 45 per cent Mexican, 30 per cent white and 25 per cent black. That project contains all large units for big families and appears to have considerable appeal. Like many projects that have failed, West Bluff contains a lot of children, but most of the families have two parents and the project is in an outlying area, where the problems of large family size do not have to cope with the problems of density.

Glendale Heights, 184 units, has a well-designed, attractive layout. It is located a mile from the University of Minnesota in a community of many university people. Over many years it has developed a great *esprit de corps*, both within the project and in the surrounding neighborhood which cooperates with the tenancy. The community pride has risen to the point where the tenants have appealed to management for the right to run their own project, a proposal which was looked on with considerable favor. Management indicates that the highly integrated nature of the project, along with its relatively small number of fatherless families and the relatively few children, are important features in its success.

La Salle in Louisville also enjoys high marks, which stood the project in good stead when, for example, it was necessary to evict an undesirable tenant. The other tenants willingly testified on behalf of the authority. In the more demoralized projects that rarely happens, and eviction is then most difficult.

North Beach in San Francisco, mentioned by Newman, is a special case. Set between Coit Tower and

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Fisherman's Wharf, it is a 229-unit project in an industrial area. It is almost an exact replica of the working-class public or cooperative housing built in Holland and Austria in the 1920s. A particularly interesting aspect of the project is that the ground-floor units along Bay Steel are entered directly from the sidewalk; thus many of the units look as if they were single-family houses.

A most important feature of the workable projects is the mix of family income. Most of the projects Newman chose for models were for low- and middle-income families and financed by city, rather than federal money. Locally financed projects have a better chance to succeed because for them the architectural restrictions are less burdensome and the tenancy is far more diversified. John Macey, the director of the Greater London Housing Council Public Housing Program for many years and a consultant to the HUD, has said that only if income restrictions are changed, so that families of moderate as well as low income can apply, will the projects begin to function well. Examples are LaClède in St. Louis, a publicly subsidized private project mentioned by Newman; Riverbend and Stephen Wise Houses in New York City; Ogden Courts in Chicago.

At Valley View in Providence, income level has caused an important conflict. This 254-unit project, built twenty years ago as a city-financed project, is a success. It has integrated occupancy and completely diversified tenancy, with a preponderance of low-income workers ranging from the elderly poor and widows receiving public assistance to a captain in the local police force and a microbiologist in a local college. The city administration in Providence, because it does not wish to subsidize families, some of whose incomes overlapped those of families living in private real estate developments (the central fight that public housing has had to battle in its thirty years of existence), has decided to sell this model housing project to a private developer. He would presumably then greatly increase the rents, making it unavailable to the low- and moderate-income families who now live there. The story is not over yet because the tenants have banded together and with a small body of supporters are fighting the action in the courts where they have already won a preliminary stay. It indicates, however, the continued vigilance that is necessary to preserve the few viable public housing projects.

Apart from income levels, race is the most controversial question in public housing. One of the really great achievements of some of these public housing successes is that they have shown how the process of integration can be both smooth and permanent.

At Trumbull Park, although there was a great brouhaha when integration was first proposed, the project has since operated successfully with a reasonable proportion of black families. At Valley View in Providence, in Wise Houses and many others in New York City, in many projects in Newark and Pittsburgh, and in North Beach in San Francisco, there have been no racial problems.

Problems of racial balance arise when the city itself becomes overwhelmed by blacks on welfare. Newark had for many years a fine, integrated housing program, until the white families left not only the projects but the city itself in large numbers. Similarly at Gateway Homes in Pittsburgh and at Le Claire in Chicago, bold and enlightened administrators Alfred L. Tronzo and Elizabeth Wood fought hard to keep their projects integrated and were fired. The business-as-usual authorities, under public pressure, were unwilling to hold vacancies in order to keep the tenancy integrated, and hid their timidity behind slogans of "no quota" and "first come, first served." The tenancy went all black, forming into subsidized ghettos.

On the other hand, it is certainly true that projects in many cities are all black because they are located in all-black areas, and that many of these, particularly the smaller projects consisting of row houses with a large number of single-family homes surrounding them, are most successful and much in demand. Such projects as Lowden Homes in Chicago, Riverdale in New York and many others are extremely significant at a time when various courts are forbidding the authorities to build in black areas. True, the courts are doing so in order to generate more building of integrated housing in white areas and to stop the displacement of blacks, but the effect has been to stop the building of housing in black areas long after the "relocation" has been accomplished. As Frances Piven and Richard Cloward said in *The New Republic* in December 1966, on the subject of desegregated housing, projects must be built with the recognition that, given the enormous number of black families in most large cities, large numbers of blacks are for the calculable future going to live in all-black areas. Housing must be built in white areas and made available on an open basis, though with controls. At the same time, housing must also be built in black areas, and if the groundwork is laid in the surrounding neighborhood, if the buildings are designed well and not too large, if some control is exercised over the type of tenant, it can be perfectly workable and is vitally needed.

A frequent allegation in the past five or seven years is that public housing cannot successfully operate elevator projects; "experts" point to Chicago's Robert Taylor Homes, New York's Van Dyke and St. Louis' Pruitt-Igoe as clear evidence. Actually these projects support no such generalization. On the contrary, Ping Yuan is a 7-story elevator project in the middle of San Francisco's Chinatown. It has an all-Chinese occupancy; its density and number of children are high, and the number of rooms per apartment is higher than average. But the architecture is pleasing and in harmony with the neighborhood, and the *esprit de corps* is such that apartments are in enormous demand. There is prestige rather than stigma to be gained by living in the project.

Riverbend, a middle- and low-income project in Harlem described by Newman, has a diversified architecture but all of it is high rise. The most interesting part is a 10-story section of five duplexes piled one on top of the other (piggy-back row houses). It seems to be relatively crime-free, with low tenant turnover.

Wise Houses in New York, another multi-story project in the middle of an urban renewal area, with a very mixed tenancy and with an outstanding management for many years, has had a considerable success with diverse tenants.

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Several of the projects in Chicago built and tenanted under the 1950 state- and city-financed program were delightful 7-to-8-story, 150-to-200-unit projects. No one objected to living in them; on the contrary, for a number of years they were in great demand.

Elevator projects can be workable for families of low and moderate income under certain conditions. They cannot be too high—6 to 10 stories (maybe higher for the elderly)—cannot be too densely packed with people, particularly children, and cannot accept too many problem families.

As Arthur Naftalin, ex-Mayor of Minneapolis, reported in discussing the success of housing projects in his city, "The factor that I must mention first is the quality, competence and dedication of the housing authority staff. This I believe is the most important variable in determining the success or failure of any governmental enterprise, but especially in one as complex as the housing and urban renewal program."

Perhaps the most frequent though least publicized success stories are the projects in small towns. It is often overlooked that 85 per cent of all housing authorities and a quarter of all the units are in towns of 25,000 or less. One such example in a not so small town is the modular-built Valley View Houses of Akron, Ohio, a well-arranged cluster of seventy-five modern town houses in twenty-five structures built on the side of a hill overlooking a deep ravine. This is an integrated family project. Again it seems to be in considerable measure the product of one man, the recently appointed but now deceased director of the Akron Housing Authority, Jack Saferstein. A similar project is to be found in Fulton, Mo., a really small town (population 13,000). Here the authority operates seventy-five units and, according to a report in *Journal of Housing* (July 1972), the tenant body represents a cross section of the community, even though they are all low income. According to executive director Musick, this representation, plus a strong community endorsement from the college town, has made the project successful.

And finally, success stories are to be found by the hundreds in those projects for the elderly which, though in many places they are a capitulation to the fact that the community would not allow the authority to build any low-rent housing for families, nevertheless have scored some important achievements in their own right. These projects, many of them high rise, are for the most part occupied by the elderly of all races; and are very often built in middle- or lower-middle-class areas. They do indicate clearly the possibility of success for such integrated living and they show none of the crime problems so often found in public housing. In one sense, they are an excellent proving ground and could as easily be assigned to young married couples whose income is low and who, as many European countries recognize, desperately need a home they can afford.

Today the question is whether such strengths in public housing can beat back the forces that seem inevitably to be pulling them down. Are the successful projects and the effective administrators mentioned above persuasive enough to overcome the image of failure, or has the dominant character of the public-housing program been so crystallized by its enemies that no amount of success can save it? □

INFLATE AND RULE

THE NEW CAPITALIST STRATEGY

DAVID DEITCH

A few years ago, I read an article by George Lukacs on *The New York Times* Op-Ed page in which the great Marxist philosopher ridiculed "those radicals who see capitalist crisis around every corner." It was men like Lukacs and Marcuse who enabled the new "Socialist," John Kenneth Galbraith, to inquire cynically, "Whatever happened to the class struggle?" Lukacs' piece was, for me, the high-water mark of the mistaken notion that the capitalist system had located its fundamental stability in the "Keynesian revolution." Since then, we've learned, it's been a shattering experience for the dreamers of stability, a nightmare of the most aggravated and pervasive inflation in a generation, and the most intractable to any sort of economic management. Whether this will lead to class struggle in any meaningful sense remains to be seen, but the inflationary process is building the conditions for depression and Fascist solutions by a ruling class determined to avoid such an outcome.

In my view, the dominant characteristic of this inflation is its intractability, its refusal to submit to either economic recession or, except in the most transitory fashion, to wage and price controls. Nor can the intractability be adequately explained in terms of the most commonly observed—and admittedly important—phenomena of modern capitalism: the corporate and labor monopolies and the militarization of the advanced societies. These stock categories, which fail to distinguish much radical analysis from Galbraith's conventional wisdom, are *consequences* of the process of capital accumulation which, by its very nature, produces a steadily growing and ever less manageable inflation.

Monopoly, in any event, existed long before the present inflation became intractable. And because it is an instrument of inflation rather than its cause, monopoly must be denied the primary role in the process. While it appears that capital concentration in America has grown across the board, say, among the 200 biggest corporations,

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there is little evidence that it has increased within specific industries. Nor is there any reason why concentration *ought* to increase in terms of corporate ability to administer prices; the giant corporations are able to administer their prices now as they were twenty years ago. And there is no evidence that unions are stronger today than earlier; in fact, they seem more quiescent.

While militarism is an important factor in the inflationary process, in the sense that it consumes real resources otherwise available for production and consumption of needed goods and services, military spending in the United States has taken a declining percentage of gross national product. It is impossible to deny the military's inflationary role during the war in Vietnam, when America's industrial capacity failed to accommodate both military and civilian demands; but the critical struggle to eliminate militarism from American life ought not to obscure the fact that a war machine, too, is a tool of a capital-accumulating process which demands the protection and enlargement of super-profit ventures abroad, and the creation of a vast repository for waste production at home. One must still ask why inflation is intractable *now*, for the first time since World War II, although military spending is running below 6 per cent of GNP, the lowest since before the Korean War. The answer, I think, lies in a quantitative process that has given rise to a qualitative change in the capitalist system, a change that occurs once in a generation.

The two World Wars set in motion similar long-range economic trends that far exceeded in importance the relatively short-range "business cycle" with which people are familiar. These long-range trends involved the essential role of credit, which is both the lifeblood of the capitalist system and the source of its recurring depressions.

During both World Wars, government demand for war goods stimulated tremendous capital formation—savings by entrepreneurs and workers alike. Wartime controls banned the manufacture of consumer goods, causing severe shortages along with the accumulation of idle capital. Everybody was flush. When the economic controls were removed at the end of World War I, pent-up demand for civilian goods resulted in acute price inflation and an enormous boom in corporate profits. The price inflation skimmed off a good deal of the accumulated savings (liquid assets) and set the stage for a huge investment in productive capacity to serve an enormously expanded civilian market that never did materialize under the New Deal. Both periods were generally the same, except that the period following World War II was extended by the Korean War; that is, by more employment, more shortages, more savings, and then a lot more price inflation followed by more capital investment.

But the capital goods expansion soon created overcapacity in a growing number of basic industries, creating the conditions for economic recessions. With the decline of capital goods markets because of overcapacity, it became necessary to seek other means of sustaining demand. The solution was the inflation of credit, which extended both of the long-range postwar business cycles after price inflation had exhausted pent-up savings. It is basic to a capitalist economy that it cannot absorb the output of finished goods without finally resorting to credit inflation, which is a shorthand way of saying that debt accumulates at a rate faster than production. The critical fact that the credit inflation does occur as defined is incontrovertible. The following explanation of why it happens is debatable, but to me plausible.

Labor becomes more productive over the years because of previous investment in more efficient machinery. With each improvement in equipment, less labor is required to turn out a given product, thus raising the output per man-hour. That in turn means that less labor is incorporated in the product, and the price of the labor that is contained within all products adds up to the purchasing power of the working class.

Manufacturers who buy capital equipment are indebted on the basis of its valuation at the time of purchase, measured by the labor required to produce it. The installation of a new, more productive machine devalues the old machine, which nevertheless must be paid off on the original terms. The fact that less labor is incorporated in the new product results in a net reduction in purchasing power and creates a sales problem for the manufacturer, whose rate of profit is based on the requirement to pay off his older, overvalued machines. This means that the price of goods is always somewhat higher than it "ought to be," again based on the labor cost input, otherwise known as purchasing power. By this process a "false cost" is added to the final price of all products, and ultimate purchasing power falls short of output capability. The difference is made up by extending credit.

The overpricing is *compounded* with each production cycle and the products become progressively more difficult to sell, because the credit inflation and its built-in interest costs pull steadily ahead of the purchasing power of those who consume the output.

Through the credit system, the owners of capital can price the collected mass of commodities they produce at an inflated price which covers both the actual value of current production and the depreciation losses stemming from new investment in more productive machinery. Because the total price of all commodities tends to exceed the wage money fed back into the system through current production, it appears to the manufacturer that he has an "overproduction" problem—too many goods and not enough customers. In response to what they perceive as "overproduction" and the growing difficulty of issuing more credit, the capital owners begin to cut back on actual production. That reduces the basis for real profit and creates an incentive for more price inflation. As the *rate* of profit falls, absolute profit—cash flow—may increase and be in turn capitalized, demanding its share of profits, so that the absolute mass of capitalist paper—the stocks, bonds, mortgages, commercial paper, etc.—runs far ahead of the growth of real production. The irony in this analysis is that rising productivity, instead of permitting the corporations to lower their prices, actually results in an inflation!

When the growth of "investment" paper—which represents a "claim" on production—exceeds the growth of actual output—where do the profits come from to satisfy the anticipated return on those investments? The answer is price inflation.

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Housing is an example. The expansion of mortgage paper—first, second and even third mortgages—has vastly exceeded the production of new housing, especially low- and middle-income housing. The essentially stagnant base of existing housing and the increasing number of claims (mortgages) upon this housing is the most important factor in the inflation of rents. One can predict that there is no chance whatever of alleviating the housing shortage, given the existing institutional structure of the banking-real estate complex. The shortage guarantees the integrity of the existing mass of mortgage paper, and this expanding pyramid of claims in the speculative housing market must be protected from new production lest a lower rate of return on the old investments cause a real estate collapse. The same reasoning applies to corporate investment in other fields. In general, investments in new production and technology are not made if they would depress the overall rate of return. General Motors will not produce a radically new, nonpolluting engine until assured that its massive investment in existing facilities is protected. Research and development on new energy technology will be retarded until the energy companies and their stockholders receive guarantees of profit safeguards. Production of larger quantities of goods and services will not be undertaken—despite growing shortages—until price inflation brings forth the expected return on invested capital.

Keynes argued that creating more purchasing power would employ more idle resources, but effective plant capacity is today almost fully at work. At the same time that price inflation is reducing purchasing power, corporations are reluctant to step up their investments in new capacity. We have arrived at a contradiction in which the same price inflation that is lowering purchasing power is also depended upon to maintain the rate of return on overall investment. It becomes less likely that Keynesian measures to raise the level of demand will cause the growth of productive capacity. On the contrary, interventions to secure growth today are more likely to result in more inflation, and an increasing amount of speculation in *existing assets.*

Thus the excessive growth of capitalist paper has led the economy over an entire generation to a crisis of *under*production. The system is finding it difficult to produce enough and invest enough in real production to compensate for the escalating number of paper claims on its output. We are being told, in fact, to consume less, to eat less, to drive less, to use less energy, to go to school less—to lower our standard of living—because the system is structurally incapable of producing enough. It is more profitable to invest in military waste, to speculate in real estate, commodities, currencies, postage stamps than to invest in real production. The international monetary crisis is merely reproducing on a larger stage the internal economic crises of the individual advanced industrial countries. The most important reason why an international monetary agreement was possible at Bretton Woods in 1944 and not now is that a generation ago the world required large quantities of credit to finance its reconstruction and expansion, while today the capitalist world suffers from too much outstanding credit—too many claims on its production. The proliferation of paper currency, each piece of which demands interest, is the international expression of this crisis of underproduction. The incredible growth of the Eurodollar market—a repository of idle funds seeking a short-term haven—is an indicator of the shortage of long-term, productive investment outlets at a satisfactory rate of profits.

At this point the revolutionary and nationalist struggles fit into the inflationary process in an increasingly important way. The current phase of the Middle East war, for example, is the political and physical counterpart of the worldwide inflationary crisis. The war erupted in the immediate context of the hapless International Monetary Fund meeting in Nairobi, where the capitalist world conceded its inability to solve its inflationary crisis except by appropriating real resources with depreciating paper. The oil-producing Arab countries thereupon made clear their unhappiness that the sale of oil brought them growing quantities of depreciating currencies and suggested that it might be a good idea to keep more of the valuable resource in the ground, pending resolution of a credit crisis not of their making. The Libyan Treasury Minister said at the meeting that, "given Libya's special circumstances as a producer of a diminishing asset, it would not accept any interference with its freedom with regard to the level, composition and management of its external reserves." If the resource-producing countries are saying that the advanced industrial countries can no longer appropriate their assets by the inflationary process, this automatically escalates the possibility of war and counterinsurgency in the resource-laden areas where real estate gets to be more strategically and economically valuable each day. War—the physical looting of real assets—is the logical extension of inflation—the looting of real wages and living standards.

The present intractable inflation is a sign that the corporations are demanding a higher level of profitability to provide the means and incentives for stepped-up investment, despite the profits explosion of the last three years. They argue that profits are low by historical standards, low as a percentage of the national income. But that is an admission of their crisis, the intractability of an inflation that is leading us toward depression or fascism.

A choice faces the American people in the 1970s: either a significantly higher rate of unemployment, or a greatly expanded labor force competing for inadequately paid jobs. While more unemployment is likely, in my opinion the biggest story of the 1970s is the "rationalization" of a much enlarged work force tailored to meet corporate requirements for cheap labor and more productivity. New policies will be implemented to change the structure and functioning of the educational system, the welfare system, collective bargaining, unemployment compensation laws, day care and women in the work force. President Nixon's veto of a higher minimum wage law is the traditional conservative step toward cheap labor, but more complex tools are being developed to shape the labor force of this depression-prone generation. Pressure is building to permit youngsters to start working at an earlier age, at a lower minimum wage and to substitute on-the-job learning for the classroom. Current experimental "work-study" programs in high school and college

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are ripe for expansion into a large pool of employables available to compete with existing underemployed labor. The intellectual basis for transforming the school system into job-training centers under contract to the corporations is detailed in another gem of the Nixon Administration, a study directed by James S. Coleman of the Science Advisory Committee's Panel on Youth. The new Coleman Report justifies the inclination to cut school costs by arguing that kids are in school too long anyway. Coleman is hardly alone in his opinion that there is no future for the working class in this society.

The new conservatism in education, an integral part of the economic crisis just described, states in effect that it isn't necessary to go to school because on graduation you won't find the productive jobs to tap your creative and intellectual energies. That is the basis for the growing depression in education and the planned indoctrination of students to accept their future role as superfluous and underutilized labor. A society unable to invest rapidly enough in real production and advanced technology doesn't require a dynamic and expanding educational system. What it does require is an educational machine to train people to accept jobs below their capabilities and in increasing competition with other workers for a piece of a declining standard of living.

The Coleman Report is only one piece of this mosaic. The Committee for Economic Development, following the lead of the Carnegie Commission, is urging public colleges and universities to double their tuition. That will force more students and their families to borrow larger amounts of money to stay in school, and indeed cause many to leave school completely or drastically revise their occupational ambitions. Raising the price of an education is one way of throwing a certain quantity of potential labor on the scrap heap as unfit to meet the requirements of a stagnating economy. The Carnegie Commission also wants the colleges to be more diligent about weeding out "reluctant attenders." It estimates that between 5 and 12 per cent of students don't want to be in school and would be better advised to adopt a more realistic appraisal of what society has in store for them.

The restructuring of the educational system is going hand in hand with changing labor requirements, the corporate need to modify the character and capability of the work force under the new "managed" capitalism. A recent step in this direction was the development of the community college system to provide "para-professionals" and other middle- and lower-level technicians. Although there is no question that some of the most interesting experimental programs are to be found in the community colleges, the corporations regard them primarily as an important source of trained labor, untainted by union affiliation and willing to accept wages at a discount. The insurance business is a typical "labor intensive" industry well serviced by the community colleges. Dr. Ronald T. Anderson, executive vice president of the Society of Chartered Property and Casualty Underwriters, has this to say about the relation between school and jobs in his industry: "It is my firm belief that our industry needs para-professional positions reclassified to accept employees with less educational background and consequently lower career aspirations. Employees of this nature are available through the existing educational programs of community colleges and high schools today. . . . The community college movement in this country has been very successful. The system is one willing and able to respond to specific industry needs such as developing para-professionals for the insurance industry. With college funds becoming less readily available, it is conceivable in coming years that many students who would in the past have completed college, and people from minority groups who cannot afford college, would look at a para-professional career in insurance as very desirable. . . ."

The process under way today makes the old automation scare look foolish. Corporate inability to invest at a satisfactory rate is leading to national and corporate policy decisions of a "labor intensive" nature equivalent to the multinational export of jobs abroad to cheap labor areas. Rather than the 1930s image of long bread lines, the probability in this decade of managed capitalism is for more people to be channeled into unproductive jobs at declining wages. Stated another way, a depression-oriented economy is employing a revamped educational system to retard the development of a dynamic and productive working class.

The early signs of the new fascism are not the Agnewisms the liberals are so fond of attacking, but the various plans to enlarge the labor force and regulate its movements in the interest of corporate efficiency and profit. Toward this end, the Joint Economic Committee has released a study by Harvard Prof. Martin S. Feldstein on "Lowering the Permanent Rate of Unemployment." Feldstein argues that getting unemployment below the 4.8 per cent official average of the past twenty-five years will require major new policies aimed at improving the "structure and functioning" of the labor markets.

Feldstein's views are important because they reveal where the corporations have arrived in their drive to regulate an inflationary economy gone out of control. If Skinnerian teaching methods in the schools fail to produce manageable workers, Feldstein's restructuring of the labor market will more precisely match people to corporate requirements. He has three ideas: First, he would create a special "Youth Employment Service" linked to the schools, and designed to help accomplish the transition from school to permanent employment. This institutionalizes on a federal level the ongoing trend to develop "work-study" programs, a crucially important channel for cheap labor. Second, there would be a combined program of "Youth Employment Scholarships," a reduced minimum wage for teen-agers, and specific corporate incentives to encourage employers to provide on-the-job training for young workers. In Massachusetts, the legislature recently passed a bill awarding corporations $500 for each warm body they pull in off the streets. A third proposal would drastically change the unemployment compensation law by making jobless benefits taxable and otherwise reducing the incentive to remain unemployed. The intention here is not merely to lower the corporate cost of unemployment benefits, but to force a worker to accept a new job faster. The entire package is designed to keep people working, not in meaningful

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and productive jobs but in anything available. What's available, of course, is determined by the corporations. In the meantime, those people working would in the long run pay the full cost of their future unemployment.

Consider the ultimate meaning of this kind of labor force rationalization. Kids are trained while in school to accept low-wage jobs lacking union protection, while the corporations lay off higher-paid workers. The future for the latter is unemployment insurance (taxed) and a fast trip back to the labor market at real wages below what they had previously enjoyed. Mounting pressure to restructure the welfare system adds to the competition within the labor force for the available jobs. Forced labor through the federal Work Incentive Program is being supplemented by state programs channeling growing numbers of welfare recipients into dead-end corporate and government jobs. *The Wall Street Journal* of October 15 exults that "hardly a month goes by that officials somewhere don't announce dramatic welfare reform that includes fiscal overhaul, a crackdown on ineligibles and finding jobs for recipients." But this is only the beginning. The once-radical demand that the government become the "employer of last resort" has now been adopted by conservatives who see great benefits from reduced welfare rolls, the busting of public employee unions and labor cost savings by government employers. Gabriel Hauge, chairman of the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., has taken up an idea of the conservative American Enterprise Institute and recommended that the federal government hire 500,000 unemployed workers at $7,000 a year each. The overall intention is to substitute declining real wages for unemployment.

Two more items show how systematically this process of labor force rationalization is being carried out. Massachusetts recently passed legislation boosting unemployment compensation for laid-off workers while reducing benefits for those who quit voluntarily. The switch is designed to deal with the massive problem of job quitting, primarily by younger workers—the most unstable category in the work force, the biggest contributor to the general unemployment rate, and evidently the source of much future discontent from the most alienated sector of the working class. In contrast to what happened during previous business cycles, the quit rate has been rising without letup and, except for the fourth quarter of 1971, has been running significantly higher than usual. The Joint Economic Committee last year went into the problem of rising labor force participation by young workers in hearings it called "Reducing Unemployment to 2 per cent." There's no way to reach that figure without a well-regulated corps of young workers who'll stay put where the economic planners want them—in dead-end, no-future jobs. The way to make sure that they do is evidently to lower the minimum wage for young workers and reduce jobless benefits for those who leave voluntarily. The other category of worker doing yeoman service in cheapening the cost of American labor is the part-timer. More corporations are coming to understand that a great mass of "unemployables" is waiting to be absorbed in part-time, unskilled jobs at low wages and without such expensive fringe benefits as a paid lunch hour, Blue Cross, pensions, and so on. The Labor Department has reported that 6.5 million Americans worked at part-time jobs year-round in 1972, a rise of 27.4 per cent from ten years ago. The number of women part-timers climbed 37 per cent in the same period, while total national employment went up only 18 per cent. The part-time statistics are actually understated for they include only the "full time" part-timers. The trend in private industry is being duplicated in government, where new legislation and an institutional structure is being developed to tap the cheap labor reservoir comprised of women, welfare victims, prisoners, drug addicts and students.

Rep. Bella Abzug (D., N.Y.) and Sen. John Tunney (D., Calif.) have introduced a Flexible Hours Bill that would make 10 per cent of all federal civil service jobs part-time within five years. Federal nonmilitary employment is running about 2.8 million, of which 193,000 is part-time. The Abzug-Tunney scheme would evidently boost the number of part-time workers by about 45 per cent with unquestioned impact on a wage structure presumably guarded by the civil service union. Legislation of this sort, and the part-time trend in general, are being sold to the public as a way to make life more meaningful—especially the lives of women.

Where the booming slave trade in part-time and corporate and government employment has the benefit of the government itself as expediter, private industry has in recent years developed the private labor contractor to service more efficiently the market for the most unrewarding, dead-end jobs. Kelly Service and Manpower, Inc., the latter listed on the New York Stock Exchange, are two familiar names in the industrial and white-collar contract labor field, the counterparts of the migrant labor contractors in agriculture. Labor contractors are permitted to negotiate any wage above the legal minimum the client will accept. People who are desperate for subsistence, the alcoholics, indigents and drug addicts regularly found in the hiring halls, aren't about to compete elsewhere in the labor market. Nor are they apt to say much about health and safety conditions on the job, either. Cheap labor is meant to be ground up in manual activity better suited for a machine. What happened to all the automation we were supposed to be worried about?

Cutbacks in health, education and transportation have made human costs cheaper than the cost of investing in new plants and machinery. The corporate inability to invest and produce at a satisfactory rate of profit is forcing the corporations to build an institutional structure to shuffle people in and out of an expanding work force at lower and lower real wages. This strategy, examples of which were cited here, would make little sense in a society geared toward constantly raising the standard of living of its working class through increased investment in useful production, technology and meaningful jobs. The economic managers and social planners have learned a great deal since the 1930s. They have learned to avoid economic collapse by institutionalizing a new fascism without need thus far of the political apparatus and social trappings. Its purpose is to carry out the only course remaining to a decaying system: strip the working class of its standard of living. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Outskirts of a New City

OPERATION BURNING CANDLE. *By Blyden Jackson. The Third Press. 232 pp. $6.95.*

THE RELUCTANT RAPIST. *By Ed Bullins. Harper & Row. 166 pp. $6.95.*

IN LOVE & TROUBLE. *By Alice Walker. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 160 pp. $6.50.*

JERRY H. BRYANT

Inside the hall in New York City where the Democrats are nominating their Presidential candidate for the coming elections, a secret group of "battle-hardened" black Vietnam veterans, at a prearranged signal, draw their weapons and gun down a dozen United States Senators. Not all of the assassins escape alive, but enough do to make the operation a success and maintain a basis of a continuing underground army.

Their aim is twofold. First, they are after the chairmen of the key Senate committees, nearly all of whom are Southern. These are the men who have been controlling the political machinery of the country for the last generation. As Southerners, they are "the last link to the system of slavery, segregation and inferiority that had been imposed on black people throughout their history on the continent of North America, who because of their power in the Senate blocked all legislation that might redress the great harms done to black people by that system." Second, the daring act of political violence is intended to be "collective psychotherapy." The traditional image of the black still controls the collective unconscious of American society and hence the conscious attitudes of the races toward themselves and each other. Only through "cleansing violence" can the collective unconscious be purged of its destructive tendencies, of those degrading values so long internalized by blacks and whites alike. Through the deaths of the Senators, "the chain would be broken, the catalyst effected, the symbolic uprising accomplished and black children freed forever."

This is the melodramatic action, the oversimplified thinking, and the pedestrian style of which Blyden Jackson's *Operation Burning Candle* is made up. The novel is an obvious appeal to that recently discovered black audience that likes to see whites bloodied and killed by black heroes. "They're killing the honkies! They're killing the goddamn honkies!" shout hundreds of Harlemites as they watch the massacre on TV. It also appeals to a dream that has persisted at least since World War I: black combat veterans returning to white America and creating an army to fight for democracy in their own neighborhoods.

Operation Burning Candle has spy-thriller formulas in it—inside information about police undercover work, orchestrations of plans as complicated as battle maneuvers, close escapes, and a hero of superior intellect, physical strength and command of the "martial arts." It also employs the romanticized clichés of black revolutionary rhetoric. The hero who leads the brave guerrilla band loves Harlem and its rich life, its lovely black women, and its concerned black parents. He sees himself as a savior of his people, who lives to die for their liberation. He barks orders—"Move out!" "Take it!" "Let's go!"—like a black Walter Mitty. In this world, every white man we meet spends most of his waking hours thinking about blacks and about the ways to keep them in subjugation.

But though we've seen and heard all this before and though it comes in on what seems to be the tail end of a fashion, *Operation Burning Candle* is a very readable novel, slickly organized, with scenes of violence, sex and propaganda occurring in just the right rhythm. It has enough mystery to keep the reader interested, and the author doles out information in tantalizing snatches until the action and the explanation climax in the blood-soaked ending. It does show the distance traveled in sophistication and technique from its cruder and less imaginative antecedent, *The Spook Who Sat by the Door*, which was published six years ago.

The other two works I'm reviewing have no resemblance to *Operation Burning Candle*, except for the fact that their authors are black. Ed Bullins is well known as a playwright, whose main work began to be produced in the late 1960s. He has written some prose fiction before *The Reluctant Rapist*, most of it collected in the 1971 volume entitled *The Hungered One*. This is his first novel. Alice Walker is nearly unknown, though she has been lavishly honored with awards and fellowships, which have allowed her to write a couple of volumes of poems and a novel, *The Third Life of Grange Copeland.*

There is a negative relationship between recent books of these writers and *Operation Burning Candle.* Jackson's novel comes from one of those ephemeral veins of subject matter relying exclusively upon novelties that temporarily engage the attention of the public. *The Reluctant Rapist* and *In Love & Trouble* arise from the imaginations of two rich and genuine literary talents, for whom fashion is a minor consideration. Mr. Bullins and Miss Walker have unusual powers of observation and an unusual command of language and image. In *Operation Burning Candle,* Mr. Jackson writes in the semi-documentary tradition of Eugene Burdick, bound by literary formulas and political stereotypes that prevent him from penetrating any deeper into his subject than newspaper headlines and wire photos. Bullins and Walker are artists at work on their own styles, probing for the hitherto undisclosed alpha and beta rays of black existence.

My initial reaction to the first several stories of *In Love & Trouble* was negative. Miss Walker's search for ways to be new and different struck me as too willful and strained. I felt the same way about her earlier novel, *The Third Life of Grange Copeland,* whose style seemed too fine for the rough subject —the way two black men, a son and a father, try to degrade and destroy each other. But as I read on through these thirteen stories, I was soon absorbed by the density of reality they convey. They contain the familiar themes and situations of conventional black political and sociological fiction. There are black revolutionaries who read books and meet in small study groups, radical lady poets who read before black student audiences shouting "Right on!," and sharecroppers victimized by white landlords. But we see all these from genuinely new angles, from the point of view of the black woman or man totally absorbed in the pains of their inner life rather than the

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point of view of the protester or the newspaper headline.

The subtitle of the collection, "Stories of Black Women," is probably an attempt by the publisher to exploit not only black subjects but feminine ones. There is nothing feminist about these stories, however. Neurosis and insanity, hatred and love, emptiness and indifference, violence and deceit—that is what they are about. A dapper young man appears in the life of a would-be woman writer, offers her the understanding she never gets from her insensitive husband, steals one of her best story ideas, and disappears, sending the woman to an asylum and causing her to try to kill her husband. A sharecropper discovers that his daughter is in love with a white man, and in an incestuous rage, he beats her, mutilates her, and shoots her with a shotgun. A young black boy steals a gorilla from the zoo to worship the animal in a parody of both Christian ritual and back-to-Africa nationalism, but the beast kills him for the burnt bread used in the "mass."

But what I like most about these stories is what Miss Walker seems to like most about her people, the ones who are themselves, naturally and unself-consciously, and live by putting what they have to "everyday use," the title of one of her stories. She is best, therefore, not when she is depicting revolutionary consciousness or sophisticated awareness of the most recent rules of race relations, but when she is getting inside the minds of the confused, the ignorant, the inward-turning character, when she lets stand the mysterious and the ambiguous, and gives up explaining by doctrine the nature of her characters' lives. She can put a lump in the reader's throat even when she is a little sentimental. But what she can do most powerfully is make me feel the heat of her characters' lives, smell their singed bodies going up in literal and figurative flames of their own making. That is when I lose touch with myself as critic and interpreter and enter Miss Walker's created world of love and trouble.

In the title story of Ed Bullins' *The Hungered One*, there is a weird beast, a cross between a featherless bird and a rodent. It slashes and tears with its razor-sharp claws and beak. Fiercely aggressive, always hungry, it is maddened by blood. But it does not bleed itself. Even when its skull is split and its brains begin to ooze out, it retains its

(Continued on page 504)

Student Poetry Award Winners

First Prize in *The Nation*'s first Student Poetry Contest was shared by Ricardo da Silveira Lobo Sternberg of the University of California at Los Angeles for "Poem from a Line of Rubén Darío," and Jean Feraca of the University of Kentucky for "Heart-Attack."

POEM FROM A LINE OF RUBEN DARIO

. . . Da al viento la cabellera.—Rubén Darío

with no dissenting votes
to the winds
we gave her hair.
it was blown back
into their sources.
it brushes your cheeks.
now it brushes mine.

to the bee and to
the hummingbird:
her honeysuckle breasts.
we envy them
the heavy sweetness
that will be gathered there.

both her feet belong
to the ocean.
they will become
two inseparable
incredible fish
who may come out to leave
strange prints
beckoning bachelors
to walk into the sea.

we gave the ocean
both her feet and
we warn you.

many claimed her hands:
—a tree wanted them
for fruits that would
be eager, for fruits that
would not wait but pull
a stranger to their lips—
—a flock of birds
petitioned for her hands
claiming that poetical justice
would be served were
the feet in the water
to be echoed by
the hands in the air.—
we agreed with their logic
and give instead to the tree
her ears
that it may hear itself
stretch and grow.

Ricardo da Silveira Lobo Sternberg

HEART-ATTACK

You greet me from the sunken box
of the old chair. Arms
slack on the cracked leather.
Rags of your face strung on lines,
drying. Owls
in round caves of your eyes.

Father, I know you: You dream,
staring into a ditch that
fills with mud and slow water,
your trousers dangle,
shredded from the waist, the pockets
slashed, the money gone.

I want to bite my hands and tear
my cheeks,
to be fifteen and lie face-down
in the darkest corner of my room,
shuddering at every thud
below of oak

chairs knocked to their knees, flung
against the wall.
I want you back again, tyrant.
I want to watch you foam again
in the climb up the hard tide
that all but killed us both.

Jean Feraca

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Second Prizes went to Annemarie Savage of the University of Montana for "Letter to Grandfather," and Jane Hirshfield of Princeton University for "Love Poem."

LETTER TO GRANDFATHER

The ranger camp at Johnny Creek is best forgotten.
You will never get there, it's dark,
your camp stove is more than a hundred miles away.
You live in Neihart, your sons in Neihart
forget the cooking days, stay with your people.

Five sons, too bad they know you run
keeping their father inside their bodies
thirty years later to go
mad, drunk, deserted.

Too bad the children know now
fathers are you not telling the truth to yourself,
bar rooms are not bedrooms, places to play piano,
sacks of butterscotch candy can not make mother come to life,
warm the floor under bare feet.

You cared then, care more now for the people you cooked for.
When you had no family you wished one, thinking
the cook's job shouldn't go on forever, should
find a woman, raise strong sons.

But you did. Your sons have had sons,
they know you always liked the woods
and cooking for forest rangers, meeting
someone new each week. They know too,
clear creek water has turned to copper.

The years have done something to the stones in the creek,
do you feel yourself moving faster as the water moves, slow?
Struggling to wash itself, so raccoons venture to feed
and gold at the bottom sees sun, the creek does not run.

Annemarie Savage

LOVE POEM

I

but are your eyes the sill
to wheatfields, can your hands speak
what i can't recall?

god, and the ticking of clocks
in a blank room speaking
not of wonders, but the first
love rolling over then to snore
and she left waking,
wakened more still in the darkness,
to the knowledge
of his sweat beside her
drying, to the heat subsiding
under sheets.

and with the half-light
walls emerging ghostly
from their cradled thoughts:
of flowers yellowing within a vase,
and fiddling bovines,
and the caught
breath of a woman as she
reached to pluck—

tread softly now
and i will take you in.

II

somewhere on the norway coast:
his line flung to the sea.
unseen, the orange fly
skims through the air;
the humming ceases; now
it must have dropped into the water,
and now sinking
deeply leisured, slow;
he pulls it in. that pulling
at my mouth,
the insect's sting—
salt blood taste . . . no, the flavour
of the wind.

III

and
yes in the fields you
must wind for me
ropes of wheatstalk
weave me walls
out of husked corn ears
and the shed skins
of a reptile's turnings
in the soil yes and i
will lend you years
of water
fins to bend them
to a circle and to mirrors
of my eyes the sun white
blinding hard behind the shutters
and oh
yes this clapboard house
these rooms cool leaning
each against the other
like a picket fence in spring

Jane Hirshfield

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dangerousness and its yellow eyes keep their malevolent glitter. In his plays, Bullins is like the "hungered one." It is not conventional revolution that we find in dramas like *Goin' a Buffalo* or *In the Wine Time* but wounds laid open in black as well as white flesh by those pitiless slashing claws.

In *The Reluctant Rapist*, a different Bullins is at work, one who is strongly autobiographical and reminiscent, personal, quietly honest. The novel has the tone and the content of the 19th-century *Bildungsroman*, in which the youthful protagonist—in this case Steve Benson—is educated from innocence to experience. In the classic tradition, Steve is a loner, an outsider, and finally an outlaw. He rapes, dimly off in the background to the main action, but is "reluctant" to rape a woman he cannot love. Indeed, the reader is asked to believe that a mystical union is effected by that violation of another person's will, and that some of the women are bound to him for life.

Bullins is an earnest, even humble quester here. He has Steve Benson wander from his South Philadelphia ghetto to the eastern shore of Maryland, then to Los Angeles and San Francisco. He goes to sea and journeys through Europe, the Mediterranean countries, South America. But nothing he learns is unequivocal. He feels his aloneness, his anomalous position in America and in the world. He discovers that blacks become unfeeling out of a need to protect themselves, and in doing so turn their backs upon their own people, cheat and lie to one another. The only solution to this state of mind is a kind of personal apocalypse. "One must lose faith, for faith is never quite enough. One must throw away belief, for belief is held by every black fool. One must be blown apart by all that one has been taught and reassembled in the vacuum of ignorance to form the vessel of new experience."

This is the closest thing to a working thesis that Bullins has formulated. *The Reluctant Rapist* is a handbook to the plays. As a playwright, Bullins rips, tears, rapes; he blows apart black life. As a novelist, he explains what the ripping, tearing and raping are all about. They are the acts of a lover in deep need of blasting away the conventional laws and customs, the traditional faiths and beliefs to expose the truthful, irreducible center so that he and his beloved may at last be free. Steve Benson the rapist is a metaphor of Ed Bullins the playwright. And Steve's story is a reassembling of the bits from the exploded bombs and tearing beak. It is done through a reconstitution of time and a renewal of sex. Time unrolls and unwinds in this novel, opens out and folds back on itself, stops and starts. Pieces of Steve's life loom up before us as if cut loose from chronology. But the conventional order of events is one of those beliefs that has to be destroyed. And Bullins is successful in destroying it, in fusing the past with the present, in giving us the feeling of living the past again from the standpoint of the present and seeing the future infuse the past.

Sex pervades the novel. It is lazily pleasurable, even the rapes. And in spite of the prurience of the setting, the sex seems innocent rather than lewd or lascivious. Sex, indeed, seems to be the first stage of the new experience. But the notion of sex embraces more than intercourse. It takes in the whole range of sensation. Bullins' attention is focused upon the details of consciousness, of waking—the sensation of erotic play, the shock of fists in the mouth and feet in the groin, the smell of sperm in pubic hair, the feel of wind in the evening, the taste of cheap wine drunk in an alley. There are long passages of reflection, and there are references to books and authors. But this isn't a philosophical novel. It is a novel of the felt texture of living, especially of living black. This is what we get back to after the holocaust.

While others have been talking of a revolution in black literature, of the creation of a new experience, Ed Bullins and Alice Walker have been making revolution and creating new experience. What I find in them that I haven't found in many recent novels I have read is not only an easy mastery of technique but also a confidence in themselves as writers, in what they perceive as observers. They have set out on their own trails, lighted by their own talents, and they are very sure-footed. The two works I have been writing about here certainly do not make up a new city. But I hope they are the outskirts of one. □

Destroying the Individual

WILLIAM SAROYAN

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

The slogan makes sense for desperados like politicians, businessmen and other hustlers. It is meaningless to people who neither need nor want other people to do some, most or all of their work, especially lawyers, accountants, tax experts, public relations experts, spies, detectives, ghost writers, procurers, false witnesses and similar trash.

I am not thinking of any fragmented portion of the national political, economic, social and ethical reality, I am thinking of the whole thing. The Americans in action.

What are they doing?

Well, of course all but about 2 per cent of them are carrying on in abject enslavement—and it may be that they are glad to, although nobody has gone to the trouble of documenting the truth about that.

These millions are far more cleverly and totally brainwashed than the people of Russia, and there is no comparison between the quality of identity of the Chinese and the lack of any order of definiteness in the identity of the American.

The Chinese knows he is not free in any irrelevant and meaningless way, which the American is. The Chinese loves the national (not international, not Marxist, not even Maoist) program in which he is involved because it has brought him the basic physical necessities and given him enormous spiritual wealth, like employment, hope, family and home.

The American has total freedom—to do nothing except join. And he does. Even the long-haired young men who twenty years ago seemed to be refusers are in fact also joiners, not of one another and the program of escape but of the government—by making themselves charges of it. Sooner or later they all get groceries and cash and medicine and services from the government—because that's where it's at, as they like to put it.

Everybody joins, in fact, or is sent for, as I was as a drafted private in the Army in 1942, to tell a Major why I had not taken GI insurance. This nagging continued for two of the three years I was in the Army. I didn't take GI insurance because I had a choice. I was drafted because I didn't have a choice (although anybody knew that if anybody was willing to be clever about it, he could very definitely avoid being drafted).

Taxes are a constant call of joining. You pay them because everybody pays them, and because if you don't pay them you find yourself needing a lawyer, who is

William Saroyan's latest book is Places Where I've Done Time *(Praeger).*

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of course long since lost to joining, and no real help—he looks up old things and tells you about them.

The people of this nation are not the government of this nation, but forget that, for the time being. The will of the people also does not exist except insofar as the people have joined—a political party, a workers' union or some other collective.

If the government were concerned about the people, it would have long ago noticed that everybody is up the creek, everybody is sick, everybody is the victim of everybody else and of that unidentifiable enormity called the government, vigorously supported by The Money—the manufacturers of automobiles, houses and appliances; and the operators of banks, and the other agencies of lending, or usury, a frightful sin to the people of the Old Testament.

All of this joining is constant and continuous, so that children are exposed and even encouraged to become exposed to television, which sets them up for joining before they have had a chance to even suspect that there might be an alternative.

What is the alternative?

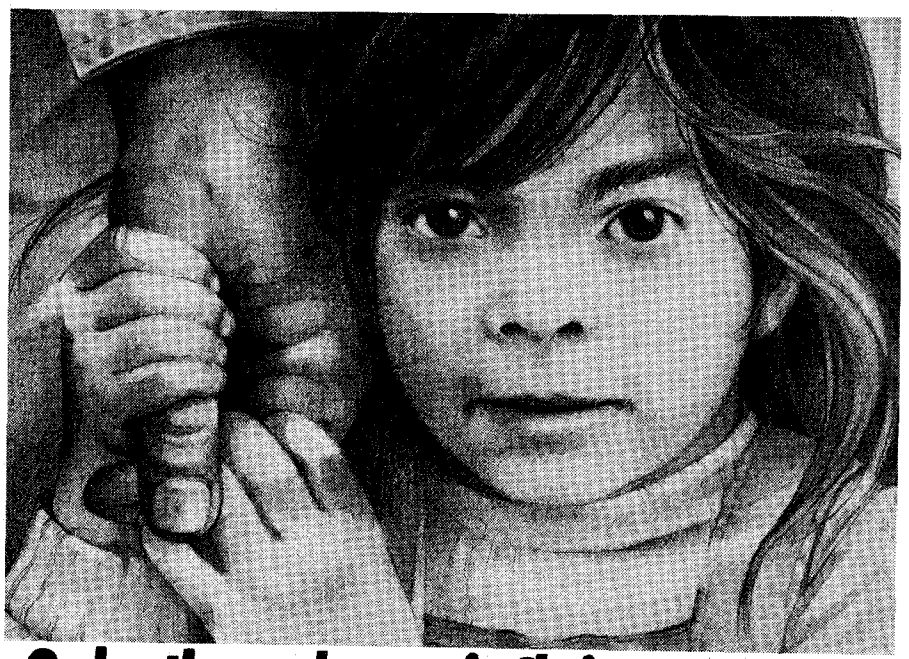
Are the penitentiaries full of people who have refused to join?

On the contrary, crime is as much an act of joining as voting, buying any of the advertised products that deceive troubled people into believing that use of these products will make them different: deodorants, clothes, cars and a variety of other things, especially junk food.

The arts joined long ago, so there is no reason to look to writing, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, drama, dance and song for any restoration of balance, in which one man is one man, not one vote, and the supreme entity of the world—or absolutely nothing.

Let the reader think of anybody he has ever heard about in our society and time and let him see if he can truthfully say that the poor man didn't sell out long ago, be he billionaire, President, power or personality. If the satisfactions that come to these people are in fact rewarding to them, we must recognize more sharply than ever the pitiful destruction of a proper inner reality in human beings, and the success of the conspiracy to destroy the individual. For myself, I refuse to join—except as I was drafted, and as I continue to pay the tax collector.

Now, eleven days into my 66th year, I find myself willing to say I do not consider the situation dire. Even though nothing is going on more abundantly than suicide. People are so near despair that it is necessary to provide



Order these dramatic Christmas cards and help make joy to the world more than an empty promise to Juanita.

For Juanita, this holiday season is not a joyous one. Her father is one of the 3,000 Mexican-Americans on strike against the Farah Manufacturing Company in El Paso, and instead of celebrating, they're struggling. Struggling to attain the simple human rights that are enjoyed as a matter of course by millions of other workers throughout this land: justice, dignity and freedom. Freedom to join a union of their choice, to win decent wages and working conditions, to live and work free of intimidation and harassment.

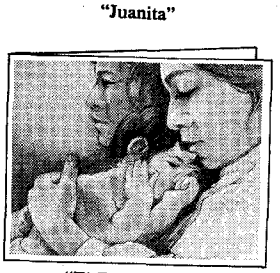
Their courage has inspired artist Diane de Groat to create drawings that are stirring works of art, and beautiful Christmas cards as well. When you send them, not only do you celebrate the spirit of the season, but you help to bring the struggle nearer to an end. We are making these cards available at a very low price to help you help the Farah strikers with the proceeds.

Juanita and her family need your help. Don't buy Farah slacks. And do send these cards with their message *"Happiness to all mankind"* so that you can help make their hope for a more just future a reality.

Citizens Committee for Justice for Farah Strikers, P.O. Box 998, El Paso, Texas 79946

Cards are shown here in miniature and black & white. Actual size is 7½ x 5¼ inches. Lithographed in sepia tones.

"Juanita"



"El Paso '73"

Please rush your order today to: NA

Farah Strikers Christmas Cards
250 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. 10013

____ package(s) of 100 **"Juanita"** Christmas cards and envelopes for **$15.00** per 100.

____ package(s) of 50 **"Juanita"** Christmas cards and envelopes for **$8.50** per 50.

____ package(s) of 100 **"El Paso '73"** Christmas cards and envelopes for **$15.00** per 100.

____ package(s) of 50 **"El Paso '73"** Christmas cards and envelopes for **$8.50** per 50.

Add $1.50 handling and mailing charge. New York City residents add 7% sales tax. Enclosed is check or money order for _____

Orders must be postmarked by November 25 Money refunded if not satisfied.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

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them with free TV comedians of all kinds to get them to snap out of it enough to smile, or even to laugh, like a wild animal.

Nobody finds reality itself a joy—it must have the comfort of forgetfulness through loud and expert fantasy-comedy.

And who are the comedians? They are the fat, jittery, desperate, sometimes even vile people who are always in the most and worst interior trouble.

And the joiners, at their own funeral services on TV, watch and watch and listen and listen, as if soon the message would come through that would do it—restore them to a state in which they have at least half a chance.

The situation isn't dire only because we have the means to make the situation more dire than dire ever was until we experimented with the effect of nuclear fission in the form of a bomb dropped on a big city overcrowded with people—and suddenly somebody saw a horse that was skinless right where it stood, with a similar rider. And a small child went by in an arc luminous with strange and unacceptable death.

We *all* have the means now, and it hasn't done us any good at all, as we had imagined it might. We all hate and suspect one another, even as we meet and hug one another and smile and laugh and make little jokes and talk and talk about our fear and terror which we pretend is our longing for peace.

Well, forget that, too.

That's who we are, and that's the way we go.

But what we probably ought not to forget is that there is very definitely an alternative—for everybody.

And it is *not* accelerated suicide, after long trying and failing: a jump from the Golden Gate Bridge, a neat parlor hanging, a dreamy overdose of one or another of dozens of pills that are readily available everywhere, a shotgun blast into the mouth, or, more common than statistics are willing to show, the automobile accident—on purpose, unbeknownst to the driver.

What is this wonderful alternative?

It is quite simply not having the clutter of *things*, inside and outside.

Use daylight, to begin with, and after daylight ends, move around in the dark or in the littlest possible amount of light, either from the lights that are in the world, or from the lights of nature.

Cut out the noise of radio, television, phonograph, tape machine and conversation, unless (or until) everybody is talking softly and slowly.

Forget the automobile completely. Don't go, that's all. Go only where you can go either on foot or by bicycle. And use your eyes as you go. A tree is something far more fascinating to behold than any image on any television screen.

Eat less frequently and eat food that is food—that is to say, vegetables, fruit in season, cheese and anything you like that isn't plastic or phony or full of trickery to keep it looking all right.

Wear easy clothes, and don't buy anything new at all. Nobody past the age of 20 hasn't got more clothes than he needs.

Don't phone anybody.

Write and mail a letter now and then to people you know who happen to be somewhere else.

Do whatever work you must as long as you must, but plan to get out of it as quickly as possible if it is not your work, if it has no meaning for you, if it doesn't make you feel alive and right and glad to do it.

Pay your taxes, but always protest to the poor slaves who work for the tax collector, for the sad and rather silly government, which has done nothing new in the 200 years it is going soon to celebrate: just pay 'em, and watch the government destroy itself in terror of being overthrown by an uprising from science fiction characters in comic strips.

Don't run to doctors or psychiatrists about every little symptom that comes along—it is perfectly in order for the symptom to come along, under the circumstances. If you can't change the circumstances, live with them, and learn to tolerate the unavoidable symptoms—the poor harassed millionaire doctor hasn't got any time for you anyway, and the psychiatrist needs the rest of your life, which is what you also want and need. Believe. Just believe—if only in the sun.

Take it easy. And don't join. Don't join anything.

Find out if it's worth your time and trouble to be who you are, and if it turns out that it is, then of course you are home free, and an incorruptible individual. □

Revolt of the Loyal Opposition

LESBIAN NATION. *By Jill Johnston. Simon & Schuster. 283 pp. $7.95.*

SAPPHO WAS A RIGHT-ON WOMAN. *By Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love. Stein and Day. 239 pp. $7.95.*

COMBAT IN THE EROGENOUS ZONE. *By Ingrid Bengis. Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pp. $6.95.*

JANE HAYMAN

According to Jill Johnston, "the lesbian is *the* revolutionary feminist and every other feminist is a woman who wants a better deal from her old man." In the war between men and women the essential battlefield is the bedroom, and Johnston sees that there the male, as "biological aggressor," has the advantage. She proposes that all women become lesbians, at least "political lesbians," engaged in building a woman's state and winning power through peer grouping, as men have done. Like most radical solutions, Johnston's plan has the beauty of logic, and I think she's right when she says that the feminist dilemma starts in bed where the woman is most vulnerable. (Men, of course, are vulnerable in love-making too, but it's in the woman's interest to concede to her partner his advantage rather than to try to castrate him.)

The political lesbian has appeared fairly recently in the women's movement. The term includes women who have become disillusioned with heterosexual love and have turned to other women for the tenderness they have failed to find in men; women who want to explore the concept of sisterhood as intimately as they can; and those women who don't make love with other women but who believe that lesbians are the most advanced and independent feminists, and therefore call themselves lesbians as a way of making a political gesture. Ti-Grace Atkinson, not a lesbian, has said that feminism is the theory, lesbianism the practice. And many women have found that it is next to impossible to rule themselves while maintaining intimate relations with men. Marilyn Webb, who founded *Off Our Backs*, was quoted in *Esquire* as saying: "I don't feel attracted to women but if I did it would be much cleaner and not such a schism in my life. I haven't been able, and I don't know anyone who has, to have a heterosexual relationship and still be independent. There's a point at which even the strongest women stop. Bit by bit they relinquish their autonomy."

I have heard men say that marriage (perhaps in contrast to extramarital liaisons) requires submission of themselves as well as of their wives, which seems to me to be an obvious truth. Certainly the picture painted in a lot of the feminist literature of the brutal husband and slavish wife is ridiculous when applied

Jane Hayman is a poet and critic, resident in Santa Fe. Her poems have appeared in The New Yorker.

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wholesale to American marriages, even in the working class. In addition to financial support, men must give at least some emotional support to their wives, and at least some consideration to their practical wishes. They are rarely free to come and go as they please, and lip service to monogamy, if not monogamy itself, is usually required of them. Nevertheless, the real emotional burden of a marriage most often rests on the wife. It is she who must make concessions, she who must nurture and in some cases invent the romance of intimacy. If she fails at this hard job she will not only feel guilty but her failure may lead to divorce, since in our time the emotional aspect of marriage has become its *raison d'être*.

Women must also bear the burden of their own sexual responsiveness. In marriage, and especially in romantic affairs where the attraction is new, lovemaking often leaves the woman weakened (all weak in the knees, as in sentimental songs), handing the man another advantage which he seldom hesitates to press. In fact most women (or most of the women I know) prefer a strong lover and enjoy being pushed around a bit in bed. Maybe women have an instinctive sexual masochism, or perhaps it has been culturally induced, "internalized," as many feminists believe. I don't think it matters, because weak-in-the-knees is a pleasant way to feel. It is when the man uses his partner's responsiveness to tyrannize over her that he becomes an oppressor. He is supported in this by male tradition, which has designed countless rules and maxims about the way women ought to behave. In that way, what begins as a charming game becomes another weapon to keep the woman down.

Lesbians, political and otherwise, are among the few women free of this kind of harassment. Many, or most of them, are free as well of the business of caring for children, and owe no allegiance at all to men. If we all became lesbians (political or otherwise), as Johnston suggests, then winning independence would be a simpler affair and would mainly involve negotiations between two powerful groups. In a lesbian nation, mother-right would be restored—that is, the mother alone would have authority over her children and would give them her name—and, in general, there would be a return to the ancient matriarchate, whether or not, says Johnston "[it] existed as a definite period of history, which I believe it did, or in mythology only. Mythology *is* history. . . ." *Lesbian Nation* alternates this sort of bright perception with a fair amount of plain neurotic raving. But Johnston is smart far more often than not, and she's always funny. Her book, not really a document of feminist theory, is mostly personal history. She's very engaging as she tells of her early struggles with heterosexuality, how she came to New York in the 1950s and had an abortion and a near breakdown but "didn't go to a shrink which was the obvious recourse in such melodramas as mine. That's what New York was all about. An army of head doctors waiting for everyone at the natural end of the line." She married, had two children, and was divorced ("the marriage was an exercise in violence, interrupted by short periods of violence"), became part of the beat scene, wrote a column for *The Village Voice*, had another breakdown, and finally, in 1970 "came out" in her column, winning celebrity first in the gay liberation movement and then in women's liberation. Some people in the movement disapprove of Johnston as a headline grabber and think that she is not serious, but her book is bright, pointed and virile. (Yes, virile.)

It is clear to the lesbian authors of *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*—if it isn't clear to everyone—that men value one another more than they value women. I think this can change temporarily when strong marital or sexual bonds exist between men and women, but most often male loyalty goes to other males and, particularly, to the male group. Men, in fact, love each other, though they fight. Sidney Abbott and Barbara Love point out that Lionel Tiger in *Men in Groups* "showed the relationship betwen male bonding and aggression. He said that aggression is an intensely cooperative process and is both the product and the cause of strong affective ties between men." Abbott and Love believe, as Jill Johnston does, that lesbians, because they are unencumbered by loyalty to the enemy, might best lead other women, both in the forming of bonds between females and in the constructive uses of aggression to achieve power. Their book, in spite of its bizarre title, is not as extreme as Johnston's; it is a reasoned, factual account of the place and the role of the lesbian in America, past, present and future.

Part One, "What it Was Like," examines the guilt, furtiveness and alienation from self that were, and for many still are, the lesbian's lot; it includes some interesting descriptions of underground mores and role playing. Part Two, "Living the Future," discusses the women's movement, the gay liberation movement, and the outlook for the lesbian activist. Abbott and Love ask not that all women become lesbians but that all women and men accept the dignity and human worth of homosexuals. However their book is not a "plea for tolerance." It is full of energy, assertiveness, gay pride or what-you-will, and argues well for the present life and spirit of lesbian circles.

Combat in the Erogenous Zone was written by a heterosexual woman who has tried lesbianism, partly because of spontaneous attraction to other women but mostly through disappointment with men. Ingrid Bengis, who is 28, is intelligent, intensely self-analytical, very much her own woman. Although she has had love affairs, nonlove affairs, "open" love affairs and has even been involved in a *ménage à trois*, she holds fast to an ideal of heterosexual love and lifelong commitment i.e., monogamy, which seems old-fashioned in these times if admirable. Bengis, in fact, as revealed in these personal writings, is something of an old-fashioned, romantic heroine; strong, passionate, feminine, she is like a woman in a novel by Hardy. Like the Victorians, too, her real concerns are moral ones; she would wish people to be better than they are. But her story is modern in its outward details. As a child in the 1950s she was led to expect to realize herself in marriage but she was also encouraged to train her mind. Conflict came later, aggravated by the blows every woman gets from men—paternalism, manipulation, contempt and outright hatred. Bengis managed to survive but has still not been able to reconcile her legitimate needs with the conditions imposed by men. Her lesbian affairs were good (although she saw some of the same depersonalization in the homosexual world

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that she had known among heterosexuals) but she remains basically heterosexual and she still believes in love. Or wishes that she could. In a way Bengis is an anti-movement woman since she is non-political and since feminist leaders want to change the conditioning, if that's what it is, that makes women romantic. In another way, however, she is profoundly feminist, or pro-female. She doesn't believe, as many liberationists do, that womanliness is only the negative side of aggression. She wants women to come into full possession of their powers, those that are female in origin and kind, those that are individual and particular, and those traditionally reserved for the male —freedom of mind and movement, maturity, self-respect. Women will probably never form a lesbian nation, so our hopes may lie in women like Bengis, strong women who have abandoned men for the duration but still want to love them, if only the men can be educated.

I wanted to write "if only the men could be good"—which brings to mind some thoughts I haven't had before about the women's liberation movement. Can it be that what some women really want is a change in morals, a return to standards of goodness, as in Victorian novels? I don't mean that patronizingly or reductively, because the Victorian novelists had very high standards of morality, indeed, which combined the passion to be good with the deepest understanding of human desire and human need. And women were very much admired by them; there were some great heroines then. It was the 20th-century novelists who cheapened and dehumanized women. But that opens a very large subject that bears upon the whole social context in which the relations between the sexes arise. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

To say, as some have done, that the musical *Raisin* (Forty-Sixth Street Theatre) is better than the original *A Raisin in the Sun* is an insult to its author, the late Lorraine Hansberry. The statement can only mean that because songs, dances, scenic and costume "embellishment" have now been supplied, we have something inherently superior to her straightforward and honest material.

A Raisin in the Sun was the story of poor blacks in the Chicago ghetto who try to rise from their situation by buying a house in a decent "white neighborhood," despite various efforts by white "protective associations" and some of the blacks themselves to dissuade them from making the move. Through this bare situation we were allowed to see the tensions, confusions, aspiration and ambitions within the black community itself as it suffers from the economic and social oppression which white prejudice, hypocrisy and moral backwardness have imposed on it.

The play was old-fashioned in its realistic method and to a degree sentimental, but the treatment served the play's humane purpose, the sentiment was basically sound, that is, justified by the circumstances dramatized, as well as by the author's and our feeling about them. To abjure realism *a priori* is to make a fetish of "form" in the baldest construction of the term; to retreat from sentiment is to lapse into a specious and empty sophistication.

In reviewing the 1959 production (the director, Lloyd Richards, was the first black to stage a Broadway play and he did so with a cast that brought such excellent players as Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee, Lou Gossett and Diana Sands into prominence), I said "The play is organic theatre: cast, text, direction are homogeneous in social orientation, in technique and in quality of talent." It constituted an event.

Some of these virtues—a sense in the cast of unity in personality and background, of something shared not only professionally but in personal experience —still exist in the musical. But a portion of the play's power, a power immanent in its simplicity—has been dissipated. Yes, there is music by Judd Woldin, but it is not of much distinction or strong effect; there are lyrics by Robert Brittan, of which *A Whole Lot of Sunlight* is the only one I remember. The dancing is not in the least remarkable, except for the vulgarity of an "African" number, introduced to hype up the occasion. In other words, the fact that what was once a forthright tale without big-time trimmings is now bedizened and comes forth as something close to "total theatre" does not make *Raisin* more moving and more relevant than Lorraine Hansberry's play. It only gives us more "entertainment" for the money.

Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg have preserved the play's original story line. The cast as a whole is most sympathetic, especially Virginia Capers as "Mama"; the 11-year-old Ralph Carter (I hope he doesn't grow up exhibitionistic); Joe Morton who, due to the production's elaborate framework, must force his emotion; Ernestine Jackson, believably sincere; Deborah Allen, amusing in movement; Helen Martin, who is authentically funny as a grouchy neighbor, and Ted Ross, truly convincing in a brief role.

There is, besides all that, a group sing that "works" well as all such black choral interludes do—though I cannot see its dramatic justification in the present context—and other pleasant moments of show-shop fun and games. The direction by Donald McKayle and the scenery by Robert U. Taylor are more than serviceable.

In short, I was not touched to the extent that I was by *A Raisin in the Sun* (in 1959 the subject was comparatively new on Broadway and the play a "pioneer" piece), but I was not at all bored, only momentarily offended, and generally satisfied that this *Raisin* is juicier and has more to recommend it generally than do many other musicals that are served us nowadays. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Listening to Archibald Cox's press conference on October 20, I thought to myself what a simple thing is honesty. Not easy, but simple. Here was a man intent on being understood, and his declarations contained precisely the meaning that they seemed to convey; there were no sly reservations in the phrasing, nor were we obliged to analyze his sentences to see what sediment of equivocation might fall out from them. Quite aside from the honor and courage of his stand, Cox made me happy because he was making the language work again.

Similarly, *I.F. Stone's Weekly* is a happy film. What a simple fellow, this Izzy Stone! Through a half-century of oracular ambiguity and covert motivation —reading, storing and comparing countless thousands of statements, allegations, explanations and justifications that have not meant what their inventors hoped they would be taken to mean—Stone has merely excavated the truth and invited us to be instructed by it. In the process, he has had so much fun that, as he says himself, he ought to be in jail. And the serious side of that quip is that Stone is keenly aware of the heresy in investigative journalism—that the pleasure to be had from unearthing the perfidy qualifies one's ability to adequately hate its creator.

It is true that Stone is not much of a hater. Having run tests on them these many years, he says of governments that they are all liars, but he says it much as he would remark that all zebras are striped. What he conveys is a tone of

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cheerful scorn—that liars should suppose they could fool him. Nor will he lie himself, even to the extent of refraining from mentioning the truth in the interest of politeness. People who have assumed that "Izzy will go along" have earned themselves some awkward moments. He is perhaps most dangerous when he is being honored.

Well, I didn't intend to write an encomium to I.F. Stone; 1973 has become the year for praising this famous man. I wanted only to suggest why a picture with the unlikely title of *I.F. Stone's Weekly* should be such a joy to watch. And for that, credit must also be given to its director, Jerry Bruck, Jr. Like Ophuls in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Bruck works wonders with didactic footage, cutting and juxtaposing, bringing in supporting witnesses, jumping from now to then with a nervous editor's shears and a sure sense of timing, to illuminate the personality, dominating passion and working methods of his quirky, cocky, incalculably valuable subject. Someone should set up a small fund to provide that *I.F. Stone's Weekly* be screened in the major cities of the country at least once a year in perpetuity. That way we might immunize ourselves against the most debilitating of modern canards—that the world is too complex for ordinary people to understand. In fact, understanding our world is perfectly simple—just not easy.

I have written so often about the films of Yasujiro Ozu that I fear I'm in danger of repeating myself. Because in fact this entrancing Japanese director created a small world which he found inexhaustibly rewarding, and one goes to his pictures, not for new experiences or novel surroundings but to revisit familiar places and enjoy old friends. Now they have become old friends in an almost literal sense; in his later years (he died in 1963) Ozu worked with a basic group of superlative actors who, from movie to movie, took much the same roles, so that these films seem like a group of short stories with a single cast of characters.

Thus in *Late Autumn* (1960) we meet again, as agents of the narrative, three middle-aged business and professional men who over the years have maintained a deep, if canny, affection for one another. Prosperous and superficially Westernized (they drink Scotch, play golf, and work in offices that might have been decorated by the Itkins), they nevertheless retain traditional attitudes about social relationships and, in particular, a lively sense of responsibility for the marital fortunes of their juniors.

It is this last that, as before with Ozu, provides the momentum for the story. There had been a fourth friend at school, but he has died, leaving behind a beautiful wife, with whom the others had also been more or less in love during their coltish years (their wives twit them on the point) and a daughter for whom the surviving friends feel in honor bound to provide a good husband.

But, disconcertingly, the girl proclaims herself quite happy as she is, living with her mother, and it then becomes a question of finding a husband for the older woman, to relieve the girl of her filial obligations. There are misunderstandings and hurt feelings and the tension between generations which, common to all cultures, is particularly poignant in Japan, a nation painfully stretched between East and West, and which almost invariably lies at the heart of Ozu's small, intense dramas. The perplexities of *Late Autumn* eventually untangle, and at the end the three somewhat bumbling cronies are talking about the daughter of one of them who will soon be in want of a mate.

The story is mild, the action almost entirely conversational; but the nuances of behavior, the richness of feeling expressed by implication, the facets of character revealed by slight facial movement or quiet gesture, make the picture sparkle deliciously with life. Ozu is unfailingly refreshing because he understood people so well and liked them so much. I know I've said that before, but I don't mind repeating it—an open-eyed approbation of human motives has become as rare as the runaway horse on the contemporary screen. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

There is an exhibition of Miró's work at the Museum of Modern Art, but I have not reviewed it, because to do so I would have to cross the picket line of PASTA, which is Local 1, Museum Division of the Distributive Workers of America. It went on strike October 9, and at the time of writing no settlement seemed in sight. After a dozen or so negotiating sessions, PASTA (the Professional and Administrative Staff Association) and the museum had failed to agree on three issues: a higher minimum wage, participation in policy making at the trustee level and an extension of PASTA's membership to curatorial staff. At present the minimum wage is $6,100, so the first demand is reasonable. Representation on the board has convincing reasons too, one of which was put by two PASTA spokesmen, Joan Rabenau and Susan Bertram, in a letter to Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd on September 4. "The average age of the association's membership is . . . probably at least fifteen years younger than those in managerial positions and twenty to twenty-five years younger than those on the board and its committees." Presumably salaries could be raised and a single PASTA member on the board, which is the demand, could certainly be handled by the existing trustees, though the board's secrecy would be reduced. According to Richard Oldenburg, the museum's director, in a memorandum of October 5, it is the status of the full curators and several associated positions in the International Program, the library and conservation that is the trouble: "This is the issue on which we have in fact reached an impasse, not on any other."

Membership of PASTA is not open to department heads, the assistant treasurer and the assistant secretary to the trustees, all of which are managerial or supervisory positions. The administration wants also to define the disputed titles as management, but PASTA objects. Curators were not included, apparently, in the original certification of PASTA as a bargaining unit by the National Labor Relations Board, and PASTA believes, probably correctly, that the administration wants to weaken the association by keeping as much of "middle management" as possible out of it. A memorandum of October 2 from curators Kynaston McShine and Betsy Jones to Oldenburg argues "an implied lack of respect for the curatorial function in the suggestion that curators are managers." The stress on managerial duties instead of, as McShine and Jones put it, the "care, exhibition, acquisition, documentation and interpretation" of art is a distortion of the traditional role of the curator, and an increasingly common one. If, as seems to be the case, the department heads have the real power at the Musuem of Modern Art, the curators do not in fact possess full managerial responsibility. To the extent that this is so, they should be eligible for PASTA, where their experience and judgment are needed.

PASTA's emergence as the first museum union (followed by the Minneapolis Institute of Art and the San Francisco Museum of Art) is also related to job discrimination. To quote one of the strikers, Susan Bertram, speaking at this year's annual meeting of the American Association of Museums: "Museums have been staffed largely by women, who have traditionally accepted low wages." It is true, the picket line in front of the

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museum is largely made up of women. This well-known, but as it now appears ugly, fact is certainly a powerful motive within PASTA.

The awareness that led to the formation of the association and has sustained it for two years of contest, coincides with a crisis in museums generally. There are too many of them for the amount of money available for their support. The Modern is responding to this situation by changing its organizational structure. It used to be run by the people who founded it, a group of wayward but brilliant individuals. In an informal situation of that sort low wages were supposed to be, and in fact often were, compensated for by interesting work. Museums now, however, are being rationalized into hierarchic corporate form. The director of the Modern, though the brother of an artist, is himself a businessman; he was promoted to his post out of the Publications Department of the museum. In the second week of the strike, Oldenburg announced that a typical new job had just been created and typically filled. John H. Limpert, Jr. is to be director of Membership and Development. His qualifications include work in two New York advertising agencies; he is a trustee of the Childrens Aid Society and the "activities and university relations chairman" of the Harvard Club (he was at the Harvard Law School). He is, in short, everything except a museum man. It seems that McShine and Jones's fears about the humanistic position of the curator in a business-oriented regime at the Modern were not merely rhetorical.

It is clear that museums have to be run more like businesses, and to the extent that this occurs they will no longer be able to take advantage of pay scales established at an earlier, informal stage of development. The strikers are certainly correct in wanting better pay and better access to the flow of information within the museum, both in terms of input and output. If in addition they can achieve their third aim, they will be protecting the values of the curatorial profession, as well as strengthening their own position. Large issues underlie the strike and it is being watched with great interest by other museums. (Details about the history and ideas of PASTA will appear in the December *Artforum*, in a long interview conducted by John Coplans and myself with three members of the association.)

On Saturday, October 20, on a block of West Broadway, part of a Chilean mural was re-created by a group of artists and by passers-by who joined in. The original mural, which ran for a quarter of a mile along the embankment of the Rio Mapocho near Santiago, was recently destroyed. It was the work of the Brigada Ramona Parra, one of the groups of artists that operated clandestinely, painting walls at night, before Allende came to power. Under Allende, they served as a kind of agitprop, concerned with the political education of the people. In South America the wall is a natural place for such work: walls are always covered with political, not sexual, graffiti. The iconography of the chosen section read, from left to right: two open hands, a face behind bars, three clenched fists, two close-up heads looking at the spectator, a formalized Chilean flag, and a big red NO "*al fascismo*." A legible and purposeful bunch of images.

A group of "Artists for Chile," to protest both the destruction of the mural and the new regime in Chile, recapitulated this part of the mural on a 100-foot row of panels. The committee consisted of Carl Andre, Rudolph Baranik, Arnold Belkin, Leon Golub, Leonel Gongora, Irving Petlin and Jack Sonnenberg. Contributions from Roy Lichtenstein and Frank Stella ($100 each) and James Rosenquist ($75) and a few smaller gifts subsidized the whole operation. The money was used for plastic paint and half-inch polyester foam boards coated with varnished paper. It is interesting that public art on a large scale can be done so cheaply. The only criticism to be made is that publicity without which such a work loses much of its point, seems to have been poorly handled. There was little coverage of the making of the mural, nor of its pilgrimage to the Chilean Airlines on Fifth Avenue on October 27. Nor did *The Nation* get a press release. □

MONTEREY

The children rise, round loaves,
fat and brown. They rise
until there is no room in the house
anymore, until they
spill over, and there is no one home
to add on rooms
or push the walls out for them.

At the coast, by the rough edge of the ocean,
trees change shape with the wind's
direction; they don't die.
There are certain distortions, flat tops,
and the branches are bent back,
away from the water.

The children arrange pebbles and shells
in circles under the trees.
They play games beneath the crooked branches.
They think this is the way
trees should look, like puzzles
reaching out,
and no one has to solve them.

Phyllis Janowitz

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1511

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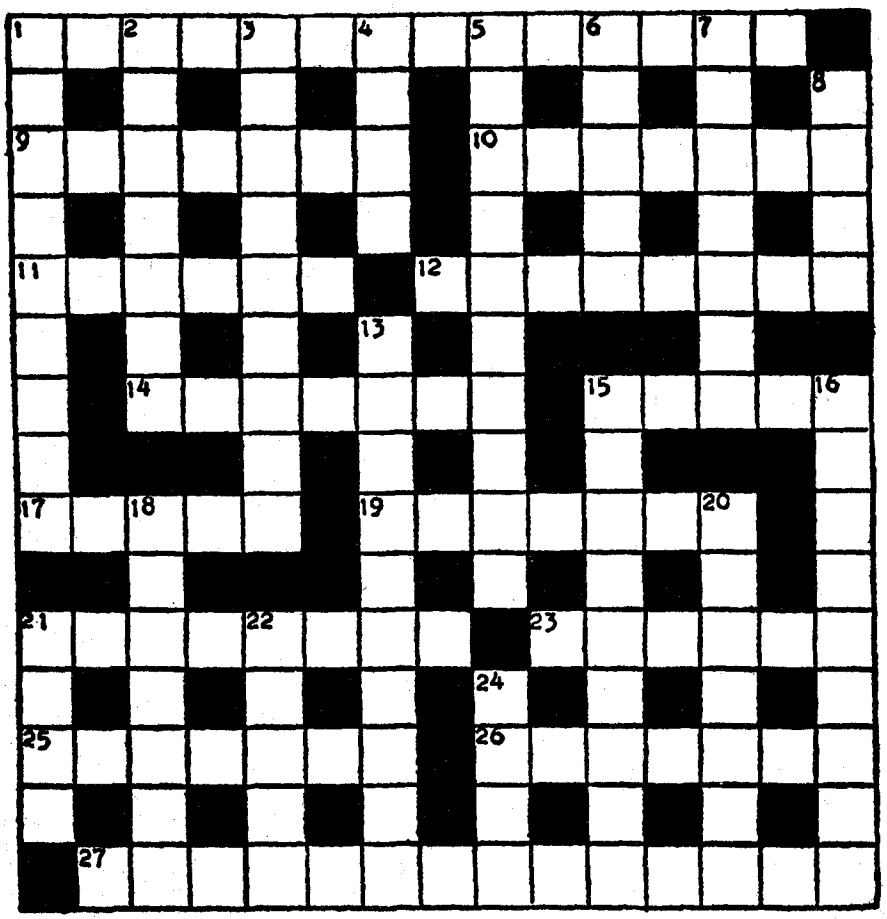

ACROSS

1 No! No! It's not exactly that! (Isn't this not what I mean, typically?) (6,8)
9 Set-back surrounding the extension of painful feelings. (7)
10 Riot guns, except at first, might be brought out for such occasions, but you could have a picnic with one! (7)
11 Alternatively perches or poles? (6)
12 Tests run during the production of charges with safety. (8)
14 Want to get properly directed, though somewhat heckled? (7)
15 Descriptive of a boom in the aviation business? (5)
17 Held to be a good example in ragtime?
19 Showing no interest in any entanglement with the flying member of 9. (7)
21 Could have been a real shambles once!
23 The majority makes this of us all. (6)
25 Indulging in a little name-calling, perhaps due to a certain vehicle I have. (7)
26 What might be ground by the French never should be ground with good hamburger. (7)
27 One might act like Tarzan this way, but it wouldn't imply the usual culpability. (4,4,6)

DOWN

1 Stop a man commonly from being the agent in case of a clean-up. (9)
2 Thurber's was evidently the garden variety. (7)
3 Certainly not a dark period of time, with many, many miles to go! (5,4)
4 and 24 One might save them, or more logically put them near 11. (4,4)
5 Earth, and where it is for the pilot when one gets so beat-up. (6,4)
6 You might learn a few things from him, in private. (5)
7 Such a dish starts with perhaps a buck.
8 Like the most important ones on board, demands an answer. (4)
13 A stooge for Ali? One goes all to pieces when hit! (4,6)
15 The top does with less water on it—find a washer! (4-5)
16 No 24 here for the sailor—but that's his look-out! (5,4)
18 The prepared glue ran, with only a little bit needed. (7)
20 Suggests a festive afternoon occasion—no wonder the party came to life! (7)
21 Evidently the first man here creates quite a barrier. (4)
22 Dance of Dickensian character. (5)

SOLUUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1510

ACROSS: 1 V for Victory; 10 Mighty; 11 Heretic; 12 Flaring; 14 Sprang; 15 Algerian; 17 Dead heat; 20 Writes; 22 Protean; 24 Pinches; 26 Skirts; 27 Hotcakes; 28 Swiss cheese. DOWN: 2 False-card; 3 Reading; 4 and 13 Ipso facto; 5 Time-lag; 6 and 9 Roger Williams; 7 Give up; 8 Stanza; 16 Raincoats; 18 Eureka; 19 Elapses; 20 Whistle; 21 Eleven; 23 Threw; 25 Chic.

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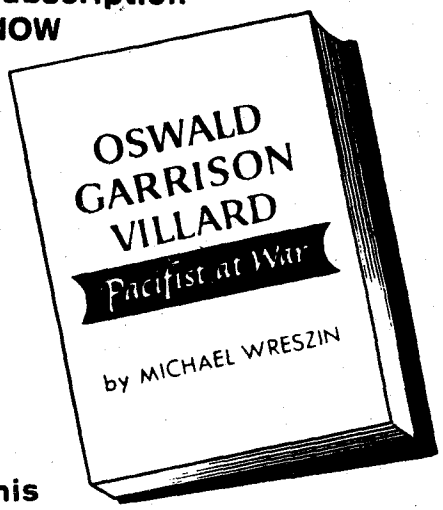

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